FRANK BESLIE'S

BANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Omce of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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Matters that Concern Everybody.-Insurance of All Sorts.

THE present lively discussions concerning the business and profits of Life Insurance are useful not only for correcting errors and mal-practices in that particular branch, but also in turning public attention on the general policy of Insurance in all its ramifications-covering almost everything wherein men can hope reasonably to protect themselves, their fami-lies and their creditors against the pecuniary effects of disasters. Nobody need wonder at finding some exceptionable features in a system so varied and widespread in its operations -for what human institution is perfect in its details, however correct in its general principles? The chief cause of surprise is, that, taken in all its departments, the vast business of Insurance is so well managed and beneficent

That the cost of Life Insurance, founded on old scales of mortality, is rather higher now than it ought to be, in view of the increased

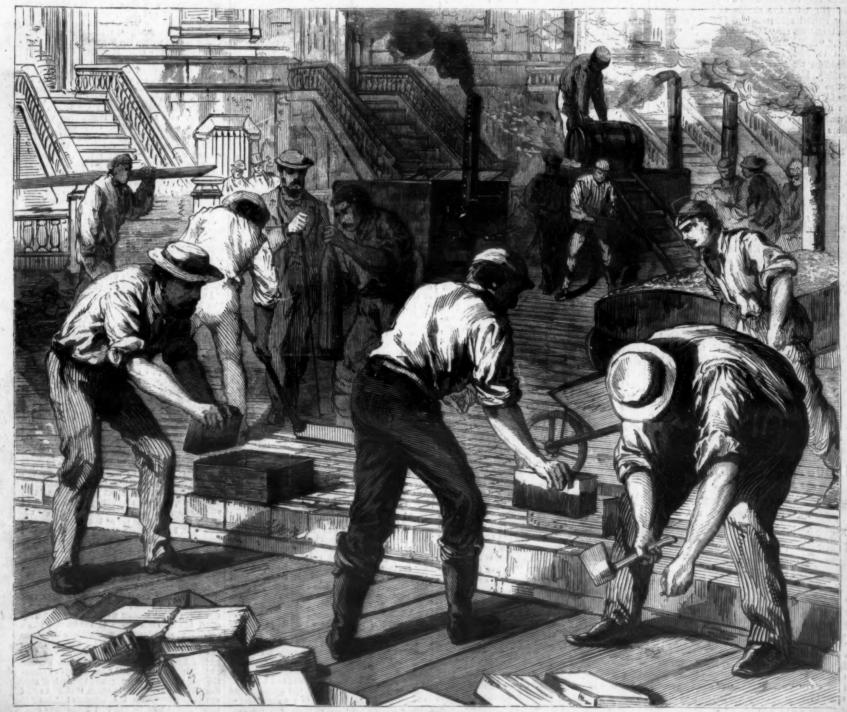
tain. That the rates of Fire Insurance may be as every Insurance Company must feel that its considerably reduced, in view of the increased care in erecting and guarding our edifices, and of the improved means of extinguishing conflagrations, is about equally certain; and similar remarks may be extended to Marine Insurance, to insurance respecting health, accidents, and other matters. Competition in the respective branches of business, however, is reducing and liberalizing, and will still further moderate and modify, the rates and spirit of Insurance Policies, bringing all down to the most liberal terms consistent with the risks incurred by the companies engaged in the different specialties. Salutary rivalry and enlightened competition, in matters appealing so directly to all classes of people, may be safely trusted for reducing charges to reasonable rates, now that public attention has become excited on the subject of cost. Where there is a clear field for profitable enterprise, freed from monopolies, in mat-ters so closely connected with nearly all the relations of life wherein Insurance is practicalongevity consequent on improved sanitary ble, there can be no doubt that the public will human foresight can provide for mitigating, if

regulations and appliances, appears to be cer- be reasonably protected and accommodated success, its very existence, depends upon the popular feeling concerning its charges and management. Every individual prudent enough to insure against loss in any way, may be supposed to exercise a reasonable share of discretion in taking Insurance Policies only from such companies as show a good record in their operations, or that start into being under the auspices of men well esteemed for intelligence and integrity - men able to discern what risks may be properly taken, and who will pay promptly for any losses on policies issued under their sanction. Where companies cannot make a fair show in these respects, let them alone severely.

This whole Insurance Business, brought to such a degree of perfection as it is, is one of the wisest and most beneficent traits of modern civilization. And every man and woman should aim to secure themselves and their families by availing themselves of the protection now afforded in almost every way where

not wholly repairing, the pecuniary losses to which all are liable in the various contingencies of existence and business.

When thinking of the many families rendered destitute by death, sickness, or accident to the head of the household, it seems surprising that so many people neglect to guard against pecuniary distress resulting from those causes. Insurance in such matters is worth all it costs, for its effect in tranquillizing minds that would otherwise be additionally distressed by reflecting that the affliction may reduce the family to pecuniary suffering. These three modes of insurance should all be secured by prudent parents who can spare the small sum requisite to secure the advantages. One strong objection against the old mode of Life Insurance is now abolished. The policies in most or all companies are now so arranged that if you are not able to continue the payments, a large part of the money you paid will be returned to you. So that the Insurance Company becomes almost like a savings-bank, yet far better in some respects, as it not only secures to your family a certain sum when you



sh you have paid, in case your pecuniary ities require such relief during your life. Formerly the failure to pay in any one year caused forfeiture of all previous payments. The present improved mode should be better known and more widely appreciated than it is. When insuring, then, be careful to see that the certificate or policy given to you has the important provision for repayment in case you wish to realize some money at any time by pledging or relinquishing the document. In short, see that the doctrine of "non-forfeitare" is fully recognized whenever you effect an insurance on life,

A mere trifle will secure from an Accident Insurance Company a certain weekly income while you are temporarily disabled by any casualty, or the full payment to your family of the whole sum insured for in case you are killed. Health Insurance is also a valuable protection, securing to you certain payments during sickness. Who that properly regards the welfare of a family will neglect such means of protection against pecuniary distress? The law in some States provides that Life Insurance in favor of a family shall be exempt from any litigation that might alienate the benefits intended to be secured by the policy therefor.

Then, again, if you or your sons want security to enable you to hold certain positions in public office or in private business, you can arrange with a Fidelity Insurance Company become backer for these purposes, paying reasonable annual premium, which is than bothering your friends to become bail for you or your sons. The fact that you and they are insured or backed in this way, will give you and them greater weight with ess men, who know that Fidelity Insurance Companies examine carefully the character of the persons they insure.

Another sort of insurance is now becoming prominent, and is worthy of consideration by sople who have valuable papers or other matrs which they desire to protect against loss by fire, burglars or other causes. The Safe Deposit Companies have vaults of great strength-proof against robbery and conflagration-where your documents and other valnables may be insured for a trifling sum.

So much for five classes of insurance that have special reference to the person and personal matters: "Lite," "Health," "Accident," "Safety," and "Fidelity."

As to Fire Insurance, no business man should be trusted who neglects to secure his dwelling, his store, or his factory, for the protection of creditors, as well as for his own benefit and the welfare of his family. And if you have horses or cattle, you may find your advantage in dealing with the companies that insure you against loss by accident to any of

It is needless to dwell on the benefits of Marine Insurance, for ship-owners and merchants seldom neglect to secure themselves pretty fully against the perils of the deep.

Our chief object in the foregoing remarks, is to arouse a greater degree of attention than is usually given to the modes of insurance particularly affecting the person and personal matters—those that come home directly to families and firesides all over the land.

Every woman, especially every mother who has a dependent family, should give special at-tention to the modes here indicated for preventing, or mitigating pecuniary distress, in case of accident, ill-health, or death. In fact, every form of insurance—whether it be on buildings, shipping, or live-stock, in addition to the other varieties above-named—affects the welfare of families, indirectly if not directly, and no one will question the "right" of wo man to urge that the head of the household shall use some, or all of these facilities, as far stances justify, for protecting all concerned against the pecuniary distress resulting from the various vicissitudes of life and property.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

837 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 18

Norros.-We have no traveling agents. All as representing themselves as such are im-

The Parisian Charity.

Ar the head of one of the great charitable enterprises of Paris is a man who, but a few years ago, was among the gayest of the gay, and one of the most fashionable cavaliers of Parisian society, Prince Paul Demidoff, but who, for the last two years, ever since the death of his beautiful young wife, has remained in seclusion. In her name, M. Demidoff has founded the Ouvroir Marie, where young mothers of the poorest classes can find regular work in pleasant, airy workrooms, with good,

die, but returns to you a liberal share of the | house of succor, than which no better temple could have been raised to the memory of his young wife, has been disposed in the most admirable manner; it is divided into two parts, the workrooms and the school. The children of the ouvrières are admitted between the ages of two and eight: two under-mistresses take care of the smaller ones, and teach the others to read and write. M. Demidoff has not only planned the establishment, but directs it actively himself. His office is on the ground floor of the house. Besides the prince and two secretaries, there are eleven superintendents and servants, who receive higher wages there than they would at any other house of the kind. Next to the director's office are the workrooms, paneled with oak, and the walls painted a light pleasant green. In one of them a number of young women prepare the work, and in the other the ouvrières are busy with the sewing machines, which are all worked by electricity. At the end of this room hangs a splendid copy in oils of the portrait of Madame Demidoff, and beneath it a broad jardinière is filled daily with rare flowers. A hall and a waiting-room complete this floor, and on the story above are the cutting and finishing rooms and the school, while underground are the dining-room and kitchen, which is brilliant with polish and shining cleanliness. At eleven and five a big bell announces the breakfast and dinner, and the workwomen stream down-stairs to partake of a first repast, excellently cooked, of soup and meat, or cheese in default of soup, and for dinner soup and beef, followed by salad or vegetables, according to the season, each ouvrière receiving a quarter of a litre of red wine a day. The Prince Demidoff examines the bill of fare, which is written out at the beginning of each week. As the women go down to dinner (after which seamstresses and children return to their homes), they go to the office to receive their pay, which now amounts to two francs a day, besides their two meals and the care given to their children. Thus, at the end of each day of nine hours' work, they are certain to receive a pay higher than that they would earn alone, without the agony and difficulty of obtaining for themselves work which, at times, may fail them altogether. Indeed, in spite of the many expenses of the establishment, it has already been calculated that, from the money obtained by the women's work, there will be a surplus sufficient to raise the wages in time to five and six francs a day. Even the cook, who receives daily twenty cents per head for the two meals, besides providing these excellent repasts, manages to economize on the sum put into her hands, and what is thus saved goes to a fund to aid the workwomen or their children in case of illness. The directors buy wholesale the materials necessary for the making up of flannel articles and linen, which constitute the work of the ouvroir, which is sold to the retail shops. The establishment, in fact, is an admirable working association, begun with the outlaying of a large capital, and regulated with a most intelligent economy.

THE financial slaughter of the gold gamblers last Friday was one of the most complete ever effected in the history of Wall street. The parties who formed a combination to advance the price of gold were unable to carry their scheme through, and when the break occurred they were caught with immense sums on their hands, which they had purchased at high prices. No man who wishes well for his country will regret the downfall of these scoundrels, who conspired to destroy public and private credit in order that they might add a few thousands or millions to their fortunes. Had the effects of this gold speculation been confined to the parties who engaged in it, the matter would have been of little moment, and they could have made their battle as they chose, without outside interference. But the finances of Wall street have an important bearing upon national and individual prosperity, and when a few reckless men combine to derange the whole machinery of commerce, the American public have a right to demand that the conspirators should be severely dealt with. Every manufacturer, every importer, every farmer, and every mechanic, is more or less affected by the on of th oney market, and th of gold and bonds. Had the bull clique been successful, gold might have been carried above the figures of the darkest days of the rebellion : there would have been thousands of failures all over the country, and the prices of the neces saries of life would have been exorbitantly high. There is a law in New York against conspiracy, and the gold gamblers richly de. serve to have it applied to them. Happily, they failed in their nefarious undertaking, but their failure does not render them one whit less deserving of punishment.

RECENTLY, while a young man named Madden was taking a quiet walk on Broadway, he

not see how he could be blamed, as he had just such an emergency as this, if indeed it threatened to shoot a certain person on sight, and Madden had the misfortune to resemble that person. The lawyers say there will be a difficulty in procuring an indictment that will touch Hamilton's case, and punish him for his carelessness. If this is so, we need a law which shall provide for errors of the kind, and in its absence, it would be well enough for the judge to act just as though there had been no mistake in the matter. There was certainly an assault with intent to kill, and it should be dealt with accordingly.

Out in Montana they have a way of settling this question, by letting the man who is shot at return the fire. Last summer, while a gentleman was quietly taking his breakfast at a restaurant in Helena, a pistol was let off a few yards behind him, and a bullet went through his ear. He drew his revolver and turned to fire, remarking, as he did so, that if there was to be any shooting, he would like a hand in it. After he had exchanged two or three shots with his adversary, the latter discovered that he had mistaken the quiet gentleman for some one else, and apologized for his error. He had lost a thumb in the misunderstanding, and the stranger thought they were about even. But we cannot introduce this mode of adjustment of errors in New York, for the reason that everybody does not carry firearms as in Mon-

ON SHORE.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SLOWLY dies the pensive afternoon Flashing up the sky in one wide gleam, Where, dissolving like a broken dream, Lies the filmy phantom of a moon

Mounting radiance gilds the airy West Pale the upper sky, and blue and fair; All the tall spires melting softly there Are caught back and burnished on the crest.

And one sail far out upon the sea Lost within the fading bank of mist, Suddenly by that swift splendor kist Starts again to life, to life and me.

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER

BY MRS. HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

Two such nights as the one of which I am going to tell you can hardly come into a person's life, and although everything, as you will see, has its compensations, and although an exsee, has its compensations, and atthough an express messenger must have many adventures of one kind or another, my adventure on that night will, I think, increase my chances of a safe and smooth passage to the grave very nearly in the ratio of infinity.

We began the night with a railway accident at the first of it, the locomotive having become disabled at the junction, so that we bade fair to be delayed there a good twelve hours at least, as we were the last train up, and there was no rolling stock at that place. They had just succeeded in removing the injured engine from the track when the oil train was signaled, and presently it ran in and stopped for water—the rest of its way was on the track we should rest of its way was on the track we should have taken but for our accident. Now this little circumstance had seriously in-

commoded Ben Eurroughs and myself, for we had charge of the exp. ess car, and in the safe there were valuables that we by no means enloved having exposed upon the open track, and hich it was very important should be forwarded without delay — among them, besides the usual quantity of gold and bonds, being a draft of large amount, which, owing to an injury to the telegraph line, making it impossible to place funds by telegraph, it was absolutely necessary should reach its destination without the loss of an hour, in order to prevent the suspension of an important business house, and the consean important business house, and the conse-quent failure of a dozen smaller ones. It was the charge of this draft that made it so urgent we should go forward, and so unfortunate that we were detained, since the gold and the bonds would keep, and it was hardly likely that anything would happen to Mrs. Marvin's diamonds, which we were taking to the bank. When, then, in answer to our inquiries, we were told that the oil train was the only one going up the road that night, we resolved to have the express car taken on with that, and for that purpose had urged the removal of the disabled locomotive, and had hurried the work ourselves so effectually that the way was made clear for us just as the expected train came up. As soon as the last engine had coaled and wa-tered, she left the oil train, ran up to the junc-tion, switched off and ran down to us, and tak-ing on our car, returned to her own train. She was a magnificently powerful thing, built for drawing immense loads over the mountain sides, but, with an unusually heavy train of her own, our car completed the last ounce which her engineer was willing to ask of her, and the passenger cars were to remain behind; such argent representations, however, were made by the business men on board, that at last, after the train was all made up, it ran down and hitched on a single passenger-car at the tail of the train, and then made all haste to recover lost time.

I had been obliged to leave the express car in order to arrange about our transit, but Ben was in charge, and I thought nothing of my ab-sence, nor did he, for it was a lonely bit of woods, where no people were ever seen, and where no den was taking a quiet walk on Broadway, he was shot through the back by one Hamilton, holesome living, and where their children are wanted to kill. Hamilton was sorry, but did to the possibility of the possibility of such a thing as a gang of desperadoes having the back by one Hamilton, who mistook him for somebody else whom he was sorry, but did to come up on the passenger cars, prepared for they wanted to kill. Hamilton was sorry, but did to come up on the passenger cars, prepared for they calculated on our stopping, and where their children are where the people where the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at thing as a gang of desperadoes having the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at thing as a gang of desperadoes having the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at thing as a gang of desperadoes having the car with the burglars? That had been was taking a quiet walk on Broadway, he would not could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping, and should be a such at the car with an extent guard. And if they one could have calculated on our stopping and the car with an extent

were not of their contrivance. It was what is called a box-car—the door in the side, that is—strong enough to endure pretty rough travel, and with but a single means of ingress or egress, except the narrow and well-secured window. Ben had been swinging himself half window. Ben had been swinging himself hair out of this door to watch the proceedings ahead of him. I always blamed Ben a little there; he might have known that one of us was enough to attend to that; but then there had been no express robberies to speak of at that time, and we were both of us so much concerned about getting on, as almost to forget any other con-cern. Ben was considered generally a bright chap enough, so alert that we used to say that if he hadn't eyes in the back of his head, at any rate he could see round a corner; but he must have been bending his head so far out on this occasion as to look round the wrong one, for I can't imagine any other time in which those fellows got aboard except then, when, all the brakemen being off and at the front, they could sidle up and sidle in without his hearing them in the midst of the confusion and calling, and without his seeing them as he swung him-self out, looking forward and shouting his advice, and when any third parties who might see them would of course think it was all right, if they thought anything about it, since stepping in with the keeper of the car at one side of the

door, the men must belong to it.

I ran along beside the car after the new engine took us, and I remember remarking then, to myself, as I glanced at the closed door, how careful Ben was, and that I should have been likely to be far less faithful in his place, but should have been looking about me a little, at the least. The car went slowly down the track, the switch was replaced, the engine came to a stand just as the brakeman stooped under and caught the coupling, then a ringing of the bell, a belch of steam, and we were off. I sprang upon my car and slammed the door behind me, and in the next instant, as if I had fallen upon the rails, and the wheels were grinding over the rails, and the wheels were grinding over me, a thousand flashes swept across my eyes, and I lay senseless beneath a shock like that with which the heavens and earth might come

ogether.

When I opened my eyes at last I was upon the floor of the car, hands and feet tied, and secured by a strong rope to a staple in the side; I was parched with a sort of fever, sore, and full of a great strange ache. What did it mean? What was this stir? What were those shadows? Where was Ben? Directly afterward I saw him sitting upright on the floor in the opposite corner, watching, with eyes almost starting from a purple face, the deliberate movements of two men, who were at work quietly picking the lock of the company's safe. With that I comprehended it all—these robbers. having gotten within the car, had stricken Ben down with a single sharp blow from behind, and then had safely bestowed him, and awaited my arrival for the same treatment—the fact that we were, both of us, well-armed being not of the least consequence in that sort of attack, where a whole arsenal would have been uhavailable. As these pleasant gentlemen had not been able to burden themselves with a burglar's complete outift, they were consequently obliged to pick the safe; and if they could only succeed in doing so before we reached the next watering station, they could easily make off there with such booty as never

fell into the red hands of any robbers since the buccancers overhauled the Spanish galleons.

My first emotion, on coming to a clear perception of the state of things, was one of bristling anger, a swift and strong determination that these thleves were not going to have everything their own way. a feeling whose force rething their own way—a feeling whose force re-colled on myself, when, pulling at the stout cords that bound me, I found that I was as powerless

to stir as any hill rock-rooted into the earth.
"Come, now!" cried one of the burglars,
without pausing in his work, "you keep still,

without pausing in his work, "you keep still, d—n you, or I'll lay you out stiller!"
And as I could do nothing else, I answered him by a torrent of abuse, without in the least knowing what it was that I said, but the words pouring up of themselves, or as if by an inspiration of denouncing eloquence. A crack over the head with the butt of a pistol silenced me, however, for a little while, and when I regained myself, with much the feeling of a prize-sighter myself, with much the feeling of a prize-fighter ming to time, I choked down my wrath and id no more, but lay there, with my eyes partially closed, content to try by easy working to loosen the cords till I could slip some one of them free from wrist or foot. My first emotion, as I said, was anger at having been outwitted and overmastered in this unaccountable way; my next was fear, not bodily fear of further injury to life or limb than I had already sustained, not fear of the thieves, hardly of my employers, but of the future—a positive fear of some unknown thing, since it was I who had saken unknown thing, since it was I who had taken the responsibility of getting the car transferred, and it was I who had left it alone with Ben Burroughs, and so made it possible for these villains to get in. I tried to shake off the unmanly feeling and be rid of it and its unnerving influence, by reflecting that I had taken that responsibility in the way of my duty, and that, If I had not done so, the paper of the firm whose draft I carried would have gone to pro-test—it would go to protest now, and with a vengeance! But then I remembered that the burglars must have got on board before the transfer of the car had taken place, so that that made no odds; and it quite set me up again. But my elation was short-lived, for my mind swung back again to the trouble like a pendulum, and the question, what would become
of the company whose agent I was, rose from
the darkness as vivid as an apparition. This
loss, I had no doubt, would be enough to annihilate them. Why had I neglected to provide the car with an extra guard? And if they

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senior look at me with a mild, heart-breaking reproach. I saw our Mr. Widgerly's hair stand on end and his spectacles blaze in two sheets, and then ghastly visions of the man's refusing to ontiast such disaster would return again and again, till Mr. Widgerly hanging from a nail in the counting-room was a sight I felt absolutely sure of seeing if I were allowed to live myself and see anything. For my own part, I dared not conjecture what was to become of me; to be suspected of aiding and abetting these ruffians was an ignominy that I could not endure—if they succeeded in opening that safe, and in making off with the property to be found there I hoped with all my heart and soul that I should not survive the night. If they did succeed, I meant, in the furlous state in which I was, to taunt and goad them to make an end of me. However, they had not yet met with such

good fortune, when, running at a pretty fair rate, we stopped at the next watering-station. A glance passed between Ben and me, and we were just on the point of parting our lips for one simultaneous shout, when our quick-witted captors proved themselves ready for us, and two great hands clapped across our mouths made the sound gurgle away down our throats.

It was well for us that they dared not risk the report of firearms in that halt perhaps; but though presently the steam was let off with a din sufficient to brown all the noises of the universe, they kept us within the last limit of suffocation beneath the pressure of their heavy hands, plainly preferring to avoid murder if might be, not lifting the stiflers till the renewed motion allowed them to return to their previous occupations, from which they had not yet dared to snatch a moment for gagging us in any

It would have been curious to see then—if we had not been devouring with rage—how completely indifferent these villains became to us—what we considered them, what we wished for them, signified nothing at all; they were aware of our opinion of them at the oustet, they knew dogs thought illy of them too; what matter? The opinion of some fellow-cracks-man as to the neatness of execution in this job of theirs was quite another thing—as for us, we were no more to them than fixtures of the car; not men, nor messengers, but lumber thrown aside, while they pursued their pleasure. not exactly pleasure was it either; for, with their dexterous sleight-of-hand, they had failed to master the combination of that lock. All the scorn and anger in me bubbled up, and if they had pitched me head foremost from the at moment, I could not help crying out as "You'll be rich men by morning, at this

rate, you thieves !"

One of them turned on me like a hawk.
"So we will," said he, with an oath, "for you'll unlock that safe !"

you'll unlock that saie!"
"Not alive," said I.
"I'll give you one minute to let me have the word, d'ye hear? If I don't have it then, you're dead the next, and you can take your choice—d'ye hear?" and he held the muzzle of a re-

volver at my ear.

"Blaze away!" cried I. "If you had the word, life wouldn't be worth the living to me, this minute or the next either. Fire!"

I saw, even then, the dark indignation of Ben's

face light up like a cloud that the sun strikes, and I thought it was all up with me; but before the robber could so much as pull the trigger, there came a smothered cry from his com-panion, and he turned to see the man's skill triumphant, and the safe thrown open, and I

was forgotten again.

Considering that not a stiver of all that
wealth belonged to me, the way in which I felt weath belonged to me, the way in which I left at its unceremonious disposal was a little remarkable—it has given me a higher opinion of human nature ever since. It was the work of the light itself to divide and deposit that gold about their persons and into their hund-valise; the bonds they turned over rapidly, having plants of time before them and such as were plenty of time before them, and such as were available they put into their breast-pockets, and returned the rest to their original places of deposit, as if to say they bore no malice, had no special desire to injure the express company further than their profession required, and begged that company to consider the affair as a pure matter of business; afterward, when the early completion of their task gave them time for a little more reflection, however, they changed their minds, and pocketed the whole number. They did, but a single ill-natured changed their minds, and potseted the whole number. They did but a single ill-natured thing, so to speak; it was when, tearing open the envelope enclosing what they hoped would prove a bank-bill of a handsome amount, they found the large draft, of which I have spoken, payable only to order, and they just tossed it down upon the floor, as if, since it could be of no use to them, it should be of none to any body else Relieved an atom to see them fall to appro-

priate this, I was in another fever in a moment; what if it blew away?—for it was not the loss of the slip of paper, since that would have been of small consequence, so much as its not reach ing its destination in season, that I dreaded. It fluttered toward me just as I had loosened my bonds enough to let me work the back of one of my heels upon it, and then I lay with that, at least, secure—at all events secure for the present. It seemed like a turn of fortune; I began to look superstitiously for something to hinder their getting off with their gains, when all was done. I cannot say that I felt the same anxiety concerning Mrs. Marvin's diamonds as I felt concerning the draft-for when I saw one of the thieves draw forth the case, and let out the flash of them, I wondered to myself, in spite of my situation, what right had any woman in America to wear fifty thousand dol fars' worth of precious stones, when her neigh-bors round the corner were asking for bread. But the men did not stay to lift out the necklace with its triple row of splendid stones on their black velvet guard, nor to admire the liquid drops of light in the great solitaires of rrings, the clustered radiance of the brooches. bracelets, and tiara; they took all that for

granted, and snapped the case together, after a vessel having broken in his efforts to free him-single look, and dropped it into the hand-self; and, understanding me more by my eyes granted, and snapped the case together, after a single look, and dropped it into the hand-valise, and turned quickly to rifle the next parcel with hands whose definess was something wonderful. They were engaged on this ten minutes, it may be, before they had completed the job after a scientific manner; but with the blood bubbling in my veins, and every nerve excited and every unhappy thought nouring excited, and every unhappy thought pouring in rapid insane recurrence across my mind, it seemed to me to be a never-ending hour. It was done at last, though, and then the wretches proceeded to a part of the business for which they had no time previously, but which was nesary in order to prevent any possibility of our giving the alarm at the moment when they should undertake to make their escape, and therefore they, not very quietly, but very thoroughly, gagged us. Then one of the men stepped past me, and opened the door of the car to look out. A strange lustre streamed in, swamping the feeble glow of our lamp. From where I lay I could look out with him. The whole sky was ruddy. The man staggered back. "My God, Jem!" he cried, "the train's after!"

The man thus addressed sprang up, and thrust his head out of the door a brief moment, returning soon, and taking his seat again.
"What of it?" said he. "All the better for

us, ain't it? They'll brake up, and drop the burning cars, and we'll step out in the muss with nobody the wiser."

The first man looked out again, and took a long survey. When he turned, his face was white.

"You forget," cried he, advancing to his pal, as if forgetting there had been a crime in his calendar, "that it is an oil-train." And the other man sprang to his feet again, but this time like a bolt shot to its socket.

"Give the alarm ?" he cried.

"How?" said the first one.
True enough. How? The door opened on the side, and there was no earthly way of escaping alive from that car until it stopped; the brakeman was on the front platform, and there were no lungs that could have made him hear their yell amidst the thunder of the wheels; the first brakeman of the oil-train was stationed some distance in our rear, and though one pierced the welkin with a cry, it would have

reached no human ears. Nevertheless, it was presently apparent that an alarm had been given, for after we had rounded a sharp curve, looking back, there could be seen a row of sparks upon the track, telling that the passenger car containing the teiling that the passenger car containing the business men who had implored to go forward had been dropped, together with, possibly, some portion of the oil-tanks; and, as we afterward discovered, the brakemen of the train, trusting to the officials at the front to take care of themselves, had scrambled one and all, heaven only knew how, to the shelter of that portion of the trail ere it was left behind, and we were thundering along with the red-hot fron tanks thundering along with the red-hot iron tanks and the flames escaping from them in great jets that were leaping far up the sky. On we fied. Was our brakeman, was the stoker, was the engineer bind? Had they failed to see that illuminated sky which I had seen long since from the window, and supposed to be only the deception of my own bloodshot eyes? Why did they not part from this burden of fire? Were they paralyzed with fear? Presently the stench about us began to be nauseating, a filthy smoke was blowing madly in and out and roundabout, and stilling us with the impossi-bility of inhaling that hot and rasping stuff for breath, the woodwork of the car was hot to the hand, the vile and heated air was more and more intolerable, for one oil-tank had kindled the next, and the whole long line of them had hurst line a black that streamed a hundred foot burst into a blaze that streamed a hundred feet toward the zenith, with a roar and whistle that exceeded the roar of wheels, and rods, and cranks. Suddenly there was a jump, and then we were flying at a tremendous rate that might have made the rails start from the chairs-the conflagration had been discovered at the front—probably in far less time than it appeared to us-and now the engineer was runpeared to us—and now the engineer was running for dear life, in order to reach a siding, possibly, upon which he might shut off the burning cars, and leave them to consume where they would be out of the way of any other train. But we who were in such terrible danger had not the wit to see any such necessity. Why was this flery trail, with which we were flying like a comet on the horizon not we were flying like a comet on the horizon, not detached? I asked myself, without remembering that our car, without any other rear platform than the merest buffer to break the shock of meeting, joined so closely upon the oil-train that, even had the brakeman in front been able to shin up and clamber over the top, there was not room for him to drop between and unfasten the coupling, and the attempt could only end in his being crushed and scorched to death. And then came the fresh horror lest they should detach us altogether, engine and tender run-

next day's travel, for on we dashed. I had struggled up in the strength of desperation to a half-sitting posture, where I also could gaze from the door, and to better advantage than before; the man who had firs, discovered our situation gaze me a kind but I covered our situation, gave me a kick, but I did not feel it. The man Jem did, though I fancy, for he came presently and relieved me of my gag, and forgetting my enmity, I implored him to do the same for Ben, from whose mouth a small stream of blood was issuing, a

alone, for well I knew

fate would be then when the car should slow enough for the burglars to leap away and leave

us, bound as we were in that box, that would presently be blazing. When the horror had worn off its edge I wondered why, indeed, they

did not drop us, and be rid of that pillar of fire. It could hardly have been that they feared Ben

and me to be sleeping, and so in danger of

being destroyed, for they knew we had no business to sleep; it must have been the injury to

the track, the danger to the downward train-

since we were on a part of the road where only a single track was in order—the impediment to

ning on safely

self; and, understanding me more by my eyes than my words, in that deafening din, he compiled. Then crying out close beside my ear, he asked me if there were anylhing to do to save ourselves. "Only to jump," said I, and had a thrill of satisfaction in the answer, in spite of my own share in it, for on one side of us was the sheer rock, and on the other the river bank of forty feet. On we dashed, the down-grade hurrying us, the heated air we carried cleaving the colder air like a wedge, and destroying atmospheric resistance; the mountain side fied behind us, lighted up in all its gloomy hollows, in which the terrified bear and panther must have hid themselves; hill after hill rose and fell, the forest ran by like a cloud; we cast a horrid glare upon the landscape; the sky was lurid with the flames, which we could see double on themselves and stream behind, and suddenly lift in one great spurt that threatened to wipe out the stars themselves. The heat had become an agony. I would have sold my soul for a draught of water, a breath of air; our skins were all but blistering; the outside of the car had charred; any second it would break out in crackling little flames, and there nd. We shouted, we raved; no one heard On we dashed like the lightning round that an end. sharp bend, where, if we had been left, the down-train would have wheeled suddenly upon our fragments to its own destruction—the engineer judging well what he was about, but ignorant of our extremity where we lay past all judgment. Now he was on the trestle-work; for him to pause there would be ruin to the road, rain to all who followed him; we shot along it like a shell in the air. We wondered why we did not die, and if this was the same happy world we had known a day before. The agony of our position had become more than we could endure; the car was already on fire; our brains seemed to be on fire with it. Why was it that he kept on? Did he think only to secure his beggarly engine and the railway's sleepers? Were human lives nothing, nothing, that he should career on this wicked flight over streams, round curves, through tunnels, down mountain-sides, and out on the mile's length of this great bridge, where, indeed, we might not pause, and among whose seasoned timbers, except for this speed of ninety miles an hour, he could not have ventured with his gigantic torch? It shook and swung under us like a slack-rope; it flung our thunder back upon us; we were bewildered with the noise, the terror—fast growing mad—and it was just as we struck the solid ground again that the man who had first discovered the flames suddenly gave a spring, and was seen no more; be must have been dashed to atoms. Perhaps we should all have followed-who knows-but Ben and I were bound to our stakes, with the flames roaring over us, and the man Jem had names roaring over us, and the man Jem had crouched down groveling on the floor, no longer hearing or seeing anything. With that I was growing glddy; we seemed to me to spin in one enormous circle; colors of intense splendor were dazzling my eyes; my fear slipped away, my horror; a happy languor crept up my limbs; I was on a cloud—a rain-cloud, for streams of cold water were pouring on me; an auxious face was bending over me: my an anxious face was bending over me; cords had been cut; we were at rest; no thun-der, no motion; the train had halted; the fire-man had darted on, and set the switch, and it had been shunted off on the first siding, and we dragged out of our peril, more dead than alive, having had, after all, not quite an hour's run in that eternity. That night's experience gave me a good deal

to think of, and I have come to the conclusion that Providence works in a mysterious way in-deed. But for the rogues having rifled the safe, and emptied its contents into their hand-valise, and disposed them about their persons, all of which we regained, valuables, which there was no time to remove by other means after the necessity for removal came, would have been lost, and a score of people, with their families and dependents, would have been hopelessly crushed; while as it was, nothing was missed, even the draft of the imperiled banking-house being found caught in my shoe, And when I look back upon it, since I cannot lament the robbery, neither can I find it in me to lament the flames that followed it, for though, to be sure, since then Ben Burroughs has not been quite the man he was before, yet he will get his own again in time; but as for the man Jem, he was shut off from doing any more mischief in this world, for when they lifted him by his shoulders from the burning car he had become an idiot.

PEINE FORTE ET DURF. - A vast deal of what may be called judicial cruelty has been of late years removed from the statutary code of Great Britain, and prominent among these may be mentioned the punishment which was awarded to those who refused to plead. Formerly, when almost every punishable with death or forfeiture, persons who felt they had no chance if tried at the assizes, used to re-fuse to plead, or "stand mute" to the indictment, in order to escape forfeiture in the interest of their fami-But there was a rule of law that no one could be tried unless he pleaded, and in order to make a prisoner put himself on his trial, peine forte et dure was invented. In the time of Henry the Fourth it was applied thus: "The accused shall be remanded to the prison, and laid there in some low and dark house, where they shall lie naked on the bare earth, without any litter, rushes or other clothing, and without any garments about them; and they shall lie upon their backs, their heads uncovered, and their feet and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house with a cord, and the other arm to another quar-ter; and in the same manner shall be done with their legs; and there shall be laid upon their bodies iron legs; and there shall be laid upon their bodies iron and stone, so much as they may bear, and more. And the next day following they shall have three morsels of bariety bread, without any drink; and the second day they shall drink thrice of the water that is next to the house of the prison (except running water), without any bread, and this shall be their diet until they be dead.¹⁷ It will scarcely be believed that this precious power was retained in the criminal law down to the time of George the Third.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is quite ill in Edin-LAURA KEENE is to take charge of the

French grand opera promises to succeed in

FORMOSA is being played at two theatres in Chicago, and will probably be brought out at a third.

THE theatre of Macon, Ga., which has been use some time for the illegitimate drama, has now en converted into a barn.

It is said Miss Lydia Thompson will realize 30,000 from her performance of burlesque in New ork and Philadelphia.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILIPS is a good girl. te threw up a three years' engagement recently on secount of her father's sickness.

M. Dupin, now in his seventy-ninth year, has written about three hundred dramas and lesser works for the French stage.

A NEW opera on the story of Joan of Arc s been written, and is to be produced at the Paris and Opera, Mile. Nilsson being the prima donna. THALBERG looks as fresh, blonde and ami-

able as ever. His hands, which are very handsome, are the smallest of all the great planists. He seldom wears his decorations.

Boucicault fences, shoots, boxes, rows, equitates, looks and dresses—all well. He is fifty years old, and may be considered good for twenty-two hundred and fifty more dramas. OFFENBACH has been at Baden-Baden. He

appeared there as a thin, gray-whiskered little gen-tieman, with a blue velvet coat, comical pinched hat,

Byron is now, it seems, to be the theme of an opera. The dashing and eccentric Countess Rat-tazzi is engaged on a new operatic work (words and music) of which the ceiebrated poet is the hero. A NEW opera, by Halevy, the score of which

has just been obtained from the family of the late composer by M. Pasdeloup, is to be produced this winter by the Theatre Lyrique, Paris. It is entitled "Noe." THE late Armand Marrast, the famous editor of the National, and President of the Deputies after the revolution of 1848, is said to have supplied Rossini with the most spirited part of the text of "William Tell,"

It is said that when, as was supposed, Adah Isaacs Menken's body was transferred from its humble resting-place in Pere la Chaise, and placed under an Egyptian obelisk at Mount Parnasse, the wrong comin was taken. Thus, Miss Menken's wish that none but the simplest memorial should mark her grave has been unfatentionally carried out.

It is said that Adelina Patti has agreed to come to the United States next September, and sing one hundred nights within the ensuing eight months, for ten thousand francs in gold each night. At the end of this engagement Patti will retire from the stage, and "reside in Paris as the Marquise, and nos as the Diva."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

TENNYSON'S new poem is out in London.

WORTH, the man mantuamaker of Paris, is

BISMARCE has twenty-four Orders, and Beust

ROSA SADNAU is the Hungarian girl who killed forty Austrian officers.

VICTORIA'S statue has arrived in Montreal. It is fourteen feet high and weighs two tons.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has traded with Queen abella, transferring his estate on Lake Geneva for astle in Spain.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, Boston, has invited Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity, in this city, to succeed Dr. Huntington as rector.

Ann Gagaria is the great heiress of Moscow. Her governor is a merchant of Moscow, and is worth \$75,000,000.

THE King of Bavaria intends to celebrate the birthdays of Gluck, Mozart, and Boethoven, in the Munich theatre, and in grand style.

THE King of Denmark owns a beet sugar actory which uses machinery of his own invention, and yields him an income of fifty thousand rix dolars annually.

GENERAL W. S. HILLYER, of General Grant's first starf, and who enjoyed the most intimate friend-ship of General Rawlins, purposes writing the life of the late Secretary of War.

Mrs. Myra Bridewell, of Chicago, who edits a law journal there, is about to be admitted to the bar. She will practice law in partnership with her husband.

THE only writing extant of Robert Catesby, the chief of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, the short dunning letter to his "good cosin," John Gra

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, the oldest Roman atholic prelate in America, has received a very sub-tantial testimonial from the congregations in his

MAZZINI passed, the other day, again hrough Paris, and the police of the French capital iid not hear of it until he had safely reached Switzer-

George S. Bennett, for twenty-eight years on the local staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer, died very suddenly on Saturday morning of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was in his usual health on Friday.

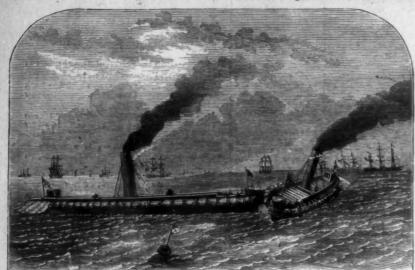
REV. C. H. DOANE, who has been traveling through our country soliciting donations for the American College in Rome, has received up to the last report the sum of \$168,002 50.

THE names of Thomas W. Williams and David Jones, who went down into the Avondale mine to relieve their companions, and lost their own lives, deserve to be honored for their heroism and philanthropy as long as noble deeds are remembered.

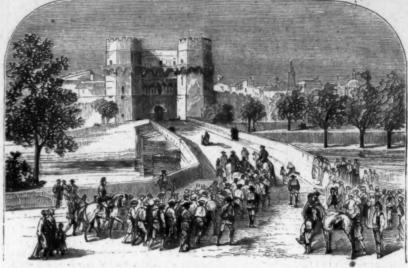
Women in Duxbury, Mass., descendants of the Winslow family, possess, among other curious relies, the wedding shoes of Cotton Mather's grand-mother. On one of the soles is posted the original publishment of her marriage, taken from the church door where it was first posted.

THE Duke of Genos, who now seems more than likely to get that reserved seat, the Spanish throne, is a nephew of Victor Emanuel, and is called Prince Thomas for short. If elected to the throne, he will reign through a regency, consisting of Mostpensies, Serrano and Rivero.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.-SEE PAGE 63.



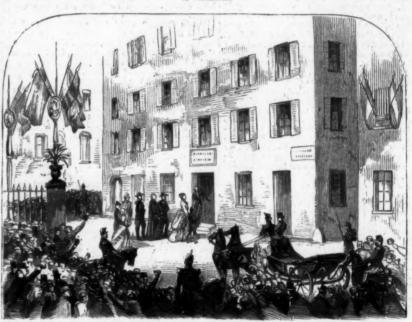
BUSSIA. -- NEW MANCEUVRES OF THE BUSSIAN FLEET-EXERCISES OF THE BASTION GUNBOAT.



SPAIN.—CARLIST PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO THE TOWERS OF SERRANOS, THE CIVIL PRISON OF VALENCE.



CORSICA. - VISIT OF THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, AND FRINCE IMPERIAL -LANDING AT AJACCIO



GORSICA.—THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL VISITING THE HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON I. WAS BORN, AT AJACCIO.



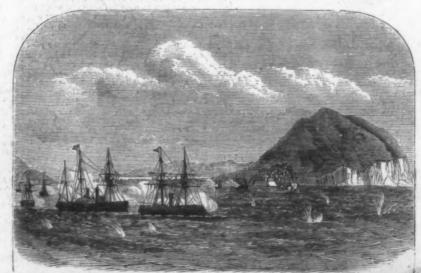
HOLLAND.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION HALL.



HOLLAND.—FUNERAL OF BARON HENRI LEYS, THE BELGIAN PAINTER, AT ANTWERP.

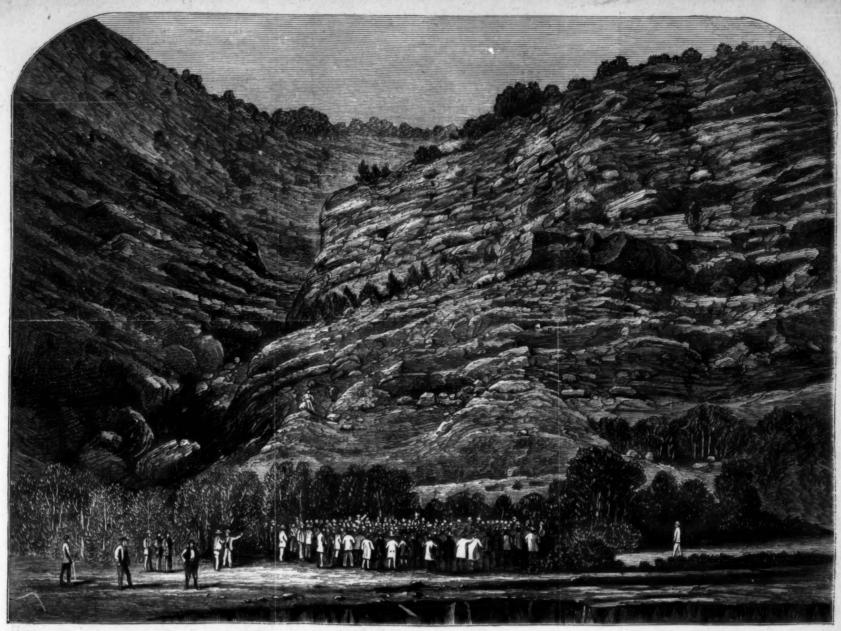


HOLLAND,—THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTREDAM—THE QUEEN AND PRINCE HENRY VISITING THE EXHIBITION HALL.



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JAPAN,—THE IMPERIAL PLEET ATTACEING THE RESELS AT HARODADL.



THE NATIONAL GRAND LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS HOLDING A MEETING IN ECHO CANON, ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY .- FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.

Hon. Richard B. Connolly, COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

This gentleman, whose portrait we this week present to the public, has been for many years identified with high official positions, both in this city and the State.

He was born in Ireland, in the county of Cork, and is now should be a supply the state.

county of Cork, and is now about fifty-four years of age. He came to this country when about nine-teen years old, and has ever since resided in this city. He entered commercial life in the employment of the well-known neetlen haves of of the well-known auction house of John Haggerty & Son, where he remained some ten years, and was afterward a clerk in the Custom House, where he had charge of the Bureau of Statistics. Subsequently he was for several years discount clerk in the Bank of North America.

The first political position to which he was elected was that of County Clerk, to which he was elected by a large majority in 1852, and re-elected in 1855. In 1859 he was elected to represent the Sev-enth Senatorial District of this city in the Senate of the State, and duron several of the served with ability on several of the most important committees. At the breaking out of the late civil war, Senator Con-nolly was among the foremost of the vast number of Democrats who rallied to the support of the Government. In a speech delivered in the Senate on February 19, 1861, he made use of the following element and netticit learnings. quent and patriotic language

"I feel that an emergency so vast, a rain so terrible as that now pending over the land of my adoption and most grateful love, demands at the hands of every patriotic man, whether Republican or Democrat, the sacrifice of his personal asperi-ties, prejudices or opinions of a partisan nature, in order to save, reconstruct and perpetuate that Union to which we are all indebted for the unexampled prosperity of this country in all its material relations, and the public recognition of our glorious though infant flag among the proudest nationalities of the earth."

In the fall of 1861, Senator Con-nolly was re-elected by a handsome majority to represent his district for another term.

In 1866, he was elected to the position, which he now occupies, of



HOM, RICHARD B. COMMOLLY, COMPTROLLER OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY READY.

Comptroller of the city of New York, a position of the greatest importance and responsibility, holding, as he does, the key to the strong-box containing the wast revenues of the city and county. In this high trust, Compound the Connolly has given general satisfaction, and has acquired the confidence of his fellow-citizens of different shades of public opinion. We do not remember to have heard any imputation whatever as to the administration of the office since it has been held by him. He is possessed, moreover, of a vigorous intellect, excellent administrative abilities, and, though deficient in the advantages of a classical education, is a fluent and able speaker. He possesses a power of adaptablity, a genial disposition, and a vein of pleasantry, which render him a welcome companion in every class of society. We do not remember to have heard of society.

ODD FELLOWS' EXERCISES IN ECHO CANON.

ONE of the most picturesque ONE of the most picturesque scenes ever witnessed in the United States was the devotional exercises of the National Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in Echo Cañon, on Sunday, September 12. The breth-ren of the order were on their way to San Francisco, Cal., to attend the convention, and, with two exceptions, every State in the exceptions, every state in the Union, and many of the European countries, were represented in the services. There was a deep so-lemnity in their worship. The walls of the vast amphitheatre in which they assembled towered one thousand feet above their heads. The locality was wild and weird in The locality was wild and weird in the extreme, and the large party, stepping abruptly from the noise of the train to the refreshing quietude of nature, appeared awed by the sublimity of their situation. And when all were assembled within the cafion, and the Grand Master opened the services, the scene was one of unusual brilliancy.

Echo Cafion, the scene of this memorable lodge meeting, is located about four miles northeast from

ted about four miles northeast from Echo City, on the Pacific Railway.

It is thought the subscriptions in behalf of the widows and orphans of the men who perished in the Avondale coal mine will exceed a quarter of a million of dollars.

A HEART CRY.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

ONLY lay your hand in blessing Kindly on my stricken head; Kiss my weary eyes and forehead.
And the lips to sorrow wed. So—I ask no more, my darling! With my head upon your breast; If I siumber, do not wake me— I am weary and would rest.

And I'll tell you where to lay me, When I'm fallen sound asleep, That my rest may be untroubled, Long and dreamless, still and deep— Where the malden violets waken To the kisses of the rain, Bear me, is the dawning springtime, The freed prisoner of pain

Where the young moss looks the greenest
And the trees stand thick and tall,
And you hear the murmurous music
Of a hidden waterfall;
For I think I shall sleep sweetest
In the old woods, cool and dim,
Nature's being blending round me
In one grand nearnethal lymn, In one grand perpetual hymn

When upon my careworn forehead Rests the seal of endiess peace, and my mute lips smile in blessing For that day of glad release— When I'm lying, with drooped eyelids, Heedless of the morning beam Lightlag up my lifeless tresses Strangely, with its living gleam-

Then, remember but my sorrow, And my strong, exceeding love How with flery pride and passion Long my woman's nature strove Long my woman's nature strove.
If I've wronged you, think how deeply
Late repentance pained my soul;
When the love I sought to martyr
Went beyond my weak control!

Oh ! forget my faults, my darling ! Oh! forget my faults, my darling!
Let all bitter memories go;
Thinking, with a Christ-like mercy,
How I loved and suffered so;
That a passionate heart was broken
By a fate so incomplete,
All: its life-tide, warm and wine-like,
Ebbing faintly at your feet!

MY ADVENTURE.

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, LL.D., BRITISH MUSEUM.

Some years ago I was attached to the Mediterranean fleet, and duly embarked at Portsmouth on H. M. S. Lapdog, destined for Lisbon, the winter rendervous of the squadron. During those months of cold and storm, a portion of the fleet always lies in the Tagus, to protect British interests and look after the independence of Portional and the wellings of the Horizon. ence of Portugal and the welfare of the Iberian Peninsula; it is also close at hand for Gibraltar. So a certain number of pennons are usually flying in the Tagus amongst our good friends the Portuguese. We had a fair voyage over the Bay of Biscay, one of the most troubled seas I ever knew, and tossing about like water bewitched; and all craft, light or heavy, feel unusually lively under the influence of its vagaries; but it did not long detain our cruise, and we boon entered the Tagus, canvas spread and bunting flying, and passed the castie of Belem.

After the usual exchange of marine courtesies with the shore and discharging the official with the shore, and discharging the official quantity of powder in sulphurous salute, we were at length dropped into our moorings, and the officers and crew landed to enjoy the diversions of Lisbon—its buil-fights, theatres, and sights, or stroll about the town and markets, cheapening fruit, or purchasing at the shops what was required, or imagined to be, for our pleasures or necessities. There is not a great deal to tempt the stranger to expend much at Lisbon. But the ever-moving crowd, the pic-turesque costumes, the Moorish features of the Portuguese, and the fine city which has revived from that hideous shake the earth gave it in 1755, attract his attention as he rambles amidst it. A bluer heaven and a brighter sun calls every pulse into full play, and heart and soul are alike intoxicated with the novelty of the scene, and thrill at the glowing sky and sparkling views around.

1 had a friend and companion, Lientenant

Flicker, a young and dashing officer of nearly the same age, height, and build as myself. But he had dark hair and eyen, and late service in hotter climes had tanned his complexion, while mine was as fair as a girl's. We could not possibly be mistaken at daytime, but at night these possible and finally we were as you it was possible, and finally we were, as you shall hear. Flicker had a strong touch of the dare-devil about him, and no slight contempt for Spaniards and Portuguese, which he was not chary of expressing in terms by no means flattering; but the natives only stared and grinned as he abused them over oranges and melons in his native tongue, to them unknown. Now, Lisbon is not to be considered the safest

to walk about in at all hours of the day. and is often very dangerous at night. Each hour the guard turns out and marches down but after the police and troops have thieves and rowdles return, and stilettos and pistols are not unfrequently in the frays which ensue. So Flicker and I went armed with pocket-platols—for there were no Colts or revolvers in those days—and we carried a pistol in each pocket. This was a very necessary precaution in traversing at dusk the narrow streets, where the stranger often finds himself surrounded by doubtful characters, or may have to encounter the dagger of the assa-sin. The Portuguese are very jealous of ladiesnot very pretty; although brilliant complexions contrasting with dark hair and eyes, combined with delicate hands, small feet and well-turned ankles, coming from their Oriental blood, are by no means scarce amongst them. The in tellectual acquirements of the ladies do not equal those of our northern belles. Accomplishments such as needlework, embroldery and music, with lives of saints, and novels trans-lated from the English and French, are their principal acquirements; but then the tender passion is more than usually tumultuous in the bosoms of the southern fair. They are very impressionable, and a glance or a word lights up the dormant flames that lie lambent in their breasts. Jealousy, on the other hand, prevails to a great extent amongst the men, and it is dangerous to arouse it by any innocent free-dom—which may cost a life. This is a good price to pay for a smile, kiss of the hand, wave of the handkerchief, or any other act of youthful levity; but it is sometimes paid, and the incautious stranger must indulge in no flirtations with the Juanas or Marias, unless pre-pared to run all risks.

The officers of the fleet are, however, always

welcome, and well received in Portuguese so-ciety, and soirées alleviate the dullness of a life in port, which, while it lasts, would otherwise be as tedious to a middy as to a blue-jacket. I had brought out with me letters of introduction to Dom Alvaro Decastro, head of one of the oldest Portuguese families, who resided in the Rue de San Francisco; and soon after my arrival, when the usual sight-seeing had been ex-hausted, it occurred to me it would be desirable to make the Dom's acquaintance, as he might be of use to me during my stay in the capital.

As yet I had not seen him at any of the parties to which I had been invited. He was colonel of the -- regiment of Cacadores, and had formerly distinguished himself under Weilington in the War of the Peninsula. At the fight of Busaco, the Caçadores had held their own against the French, and checked the fiery Gaul, covering the rear as the British retreated. Colonel Decastro had been wounded in the action He had shown great gallantry and daring at the time. He was said to be a great friend of the English, and admired them as soldiers. The colone lived, however, a very retired life with his wife and one daughter. Such was the information obtained by me in the circles of polite society at Lisbon. I resolved if possible to see him, and started one day in full uniform to satisfy all the punctilios that he might require, taking my credentials with me, and demanded per-mission to pay my respects to the Dom. At my entrance to the house an old man servant, whose name I afterward discovered to be Pedro, in-quired my name, and object of my visit, and it was not till I had satisfied his curiosity by the application of a dollar to the palm of his hand that he could be persuaded to announce my name to his master. I was at last admitted to the honor of an interview. Colonel Decastro was about fifty; rather short, square built, thick set, with a soldier-like look, and dark piercing eyes, that seemed to penetrate the very soul. His hair had partly turned gray, but his form was still erect, and his address frank.

"So you come from England?" said he. "How are my old friends and comrades in arms—Captain Smith, of the Rifles, and Major

Tomkins, of the Dragoons?"
"They are well and flourishing, colonel, and send their best remembrances. bade me tell you that he hopes you will pay a visit to him in our island, and accept an invitation to his house in Yorkshire.

"That is not possible—at present, at all events and latterly I have determined to spend my

time in retirement. "The major, sir, had heard of your reluct-nce to leave Lisbon, but told me to urge you all in my power to pay a visit, however short,

No, no! Many thanks for my friend's invitation, but here I must stay at present. The political horizon is still gloomy, and it is a soldier's part to wait and be ready to serve his to-morrow, and I will introduce you to my wife and daughter."

" With thanks, colonel." Next day, at the appointed time, I went to dinner. Pedro, the old valet, opened the door and let me in, giving, as I thought, an ominous shake of the head, although I could not conceive what it boded. Did the old follower think that the British heretic was a bad acquaintance for his master, or was he afraid that the sus-ceptible heart of the daughter would be carried by storm? I pondered for a moment or two over the ominous shake of the head, and, although not naturally suspicious, it seemed to me that the man's manner was strange. The me that the man's manner was strange. The colonel's wife was a middle-aged Portuguese lady, with a certain dignity of manner, but with nothing remarkable to distinguish her from any of her countrywomen. But the daughter, Juana! Nature had showered on her with a prodigal hand all the charms of a south-ern belle, the dark hair, fiashing eyes, peach-like bloom of countenance, and the exquisite form. The deeper emotions of the soul, which are suppressed by our colder natures, were de-picted in all their light and shade on her charming countenance. Fatal gift of sensi-bility, presaging so much unhappiness to its po-

To return, however, to the dinner. There was a small but select party—General Mendoza, Captain Pinto, and one or two long acquaintances of the family. I was seated next to Ju-ana, and, fascinated by her beauty, talked al-most exclusively to my fair companion, exchanging only now and then a passing remark with the other guests. The scenes visited, the music most admired, the events of the day, were all passed in review. Time flew unper-ceived, and after dinner Juana sang to the piano some of the best pieces of Mozart and Rossini, and I joined her in one or two duets. Although my heart was not irrevocably lost, it appeared to me that Juana was imbibing deep

draughts of that siren passion. Her blushing cheek and brightening eye announced that the stranger was ceasing to be indifferent to her. I felt that matters were going too far, and that we were getting into deep water, so I became rather more reserved, and conversed more with the other guests. Night had advanced ere I bid adieu. Juana's hand quivered in mine, as I took leave, and mine trembled also as it gently pressed hers. As I left I gave old Pedro, who accompanied me to the door, another dollar.

"I thank your excellency's munificence," said Pedro; "it is not often that we see here such

generous visitors; but beware—"
"Of what, Pedro?" I replied. "Is there
any danger in these quarters? besides, I always
carry my best friends along with me when I

visit strangers."

Hurrying down to the quay, I found the boat there, with the ruddy Mr. Parker and the boat's crew waiting for me, and Flicker, who was also on shore, but as time was up and Flicker did not appear, we pushed off for the Lapdog, where I soon sunk into a balmy sleep and rose-ate dreams. After this I became a frequent visitor, when I had leave on shore, and was received with true Portuguese hospitality, which allows a guest to stay all day with its host, and does not limit itself to a formal dinner or state ball. One day I received from England a parcel of music containing a selection of the best new songs, which were intended as a pres-ent for Juana. Before leaving I entreated her to accept them. Her mother alone was present at the interview, and gave her consent that Juana might receive them from me. We played and sung together some of the old familiar songs and national airs. Juana's charming voice and impressive style were heightened by what was evidently a rising passion. It was a dangerous flirtation, and my conscience accused me that it was a cruel one, as I was not prepared me that it was a cruel one, as I was not prepared to offer either my hand or heart in return. When we parted, carried along by the excitement of the interview, I took her hand, raised it gently to my lips, and kissed it respectfully. Blushes suffused her cheeks, tears sprang to her eyes. The new roll of music was left unopened on the plano. I gave, as I left, old Pedro the dollar, as usual on each visit, and received the general reply: "May the Virgin preserve your excellency! Beware how you pass the corner of the street that leads down to the the corner of the street that leads down to the quay. A thousand thanks for your generosity." These perpetual warnings became to me ra-

ther a source of mirth than alarm, and, "All right Pedro; never fear!" I replied; "my com-panions are with me. See, I have a pair of oaded pistols,

I introduced one of them to his acquaintance It was some time before my visit could be renewed, many extra duties having devolved newed, many extra duties having devolved upon me, owing to the illness of some of the other officers. Flicker had fallen ill of fever, and many days elapsed before he became con-valescent. He looked at death's door, even then, and there was a constant pallor on his formerly bronzed cheek. At length he became sufficiently well to go on shore, and, accordingly, one fine atternoon we started with a boat's crew and young Parker for the quay. Flicker was desirous of seeing a bull-fight, so we parted, and off he went to see the institutio

These fights, I must observe, are very bloodess affairs in Lisbon. The animals are exless anairs in Liston. The animals are ex-bibited by a private manager, and, as it is not his interest to destroy stock, after a sufficient amount of torment, worry and playing about has been performed by man, horse, and beast, with one or two hairbreadth escapes, to satisfy the spectators and repay them the price of their admission, the principal setor the bull is admission, the principal actor, the bull, is driven careering down the streets to his stall. As the streets are very narrow, and the bull is not in the best of tempers, the foot passengers clear right and left into the doorways to let the lord of the meadow pass. The bulls sometimes scare very respectable persons, and on one occasion when I was present, as they charged down the street, a venerable Freyre with the right wild screen, deshed up an one door to uttered a wild scream, dashed up an open door to the first floor, and fell into the arms of a buxom dame of forty, who, alarmed at the noise, had opened the door on the staircase to see what

was the matter.

Arrived at length at Dom Decastro's, Pedro let me in, but looked more than usually serious, with an undisguised air of anxiety on his countenance. As I entered the drawingroom, a still more chilling reception awaited me. The mother rose with anger in her looks, Juana's cheek grew alternately crimson and white, and a passion-shower of tears and sobs burst forth.

"Is this the way," said the mother, "you English beliave? Is it true, is it honorable to treat in this manner the illustrious families of Portugal?

"In what manner, madame? Nothing to my knowledge has either been done or said by me derogatory to the honor of your family."

"I shall acquaint the colonel with your pro-edings," she continued; "and a Decastro knows how to avenge the insults offered to his daughter."

"Juana knows," I exclaimed with animation "that my conduct to her has been that of s gentleman, and that no word has ever passed my lips than what was most respectful and kind." "It is this, eir, of what I complain. Do you

see this piece of music?" she exclaimed, holding out the well-known song of Juanita, attached to which was written, "Amelia Brown, tached to which was written, "Amelia Brown, from her affectionate husband, James Brown, R. N." "This is the way in which you behave you gain the affections of our daughter, and we then find that you are a married man!

we then find that you are a married man !"
Here Juana gave a hysterical shrick, and fell
fainting to the floor. I hastened to raise her
up, but her mother interposed.
"Leave, sir, for heaven's sake—leave, sir, the
house into which you have brought so much
sorrow. Oh, my poor child, Juana, what
grief and angulah you must endure! But do

not think, young man, that this shall pass either forgotten or forgiven. Leave, I tell you, at once !"

"By all that's sacred, madame, although I am James Brown, I am not at present marr The music is not my gift to Amelia. My a tion for your daughter never exceeded that of a kind friendship, much as I admire her !" "Enough, monster!" shrieked the mother;

"leave-leave!"

Here Pedro came in, and, finding that all attempts to pacify the mother were in vain, and that I was not permitted to aid in the restora-tion of Juana, I slowly and reluctantly left the room, completely overcome by this untoward event, owing to a piece of music, destined for a cousin, having been accidentally sent with the other in the roll. As I parted, old Pedre looked up, shook his head, and said in an undertone. undertone :

"The assassin is hired."

"What do you mean, Pedro?"
"Why, this: that fellow Lopez, the assassin, has been sent for by my mistress, to dispatch you as you go down to the quay; so look out for your life. Good-by, your excellency, and my best thanks—for you will never come back said he, as I slipped a small gold piece

into his hand.
"You know the friends that accompany me," said I, clicking and raising the hammers of both pistols; "either Lopez must be quick at a blow, or he will lie till the dogs of Lisbon pick

him up. How does he look?"
"He has a long face, scarred on the right cheek, and a cast in the left eye, your ex-

"I shall remember him if I meet him; so

farewell, Pedro.

The shades of evening had begun to fall, so the snades of evening had begin to mai, so keeping my pistols on full cock for any emergency, I threaded my way down the narrow streets leading to the quay. Curiously from time to time I peered in the faces that I met, to see it any corresponded with Pedro's description of the bravo, and I listened eagerly for the stealthy footstep which I expected, resolved, however, not to be taken unawares. To keep a sharper lookout, I kept the middle of the streets, prepared to exchange the courtesy of a shot with any one who might rush out of the doors on either side to attack me. No one did so; the passers-by were much the same as usual, and quietly pursued their way; the course was almost ended, and I blamed myself for giving credence to such false alarms. Just before I emerged from the last street I heard a well-known voice calling to me: "Forwn, Brown, old fellow! Just walt a moment till I can catch up to you. Confound these plaguy streets! they are as narrow and crooked as their inhabitants." I stopped for a moment to let Flicker come up. Two men suddenly step-ped out from an adjoining wine-shop; both rushed at Flicker, and one stabled him in the breast with a stiletto. Flicker took out a pistol to have a shot at the ruffians, but reeled before he could fire, and fell, and the two bravos attempted to rush past me down the street. Quick as thought I pulled out both pistols, one in each side-pocket, held them at the level, scarcely raised, and as the villains passed, pulled both triggers. Both shots took effect; one of the villains yelled, and fled past in the obscurity of the night, but was evidently remarked to escape but wounded. The other attempted to escape, but staggered a few paces, and fell on the side of the street. The whole neighborhood was soon in commotion; there was a call for the police, but as they were not forthcoming at the moment they were wanted, I proceeded to poor Flicker, who was lying insensible in the middle of the street, and unable to speak. Dispatching an idle little vagabond, with the promise of a reward, to the boat lying at the quay, I watted the arrival of Mr. Parker with the blue-jackets. "Here, Mr. Parker," said I, "help me to carry Lleutenant Flicker down to the boat, and then let us see what is to be done in this affair. As no one claims the Portuguese, had we not better take him, sir, also to the Lapdog, in order to investigate the matter? If we let him lie here, the rascal will escape the punishment he deserves, and the police declare they cannot find out the offender."

"Just so. Here, boys, after Mr. Flicker is safe, come up again for this fellow. I will take care that no one removes him."

He was sensible, and turned ashy pale at the colloquy, for he saw that he could not escape. I proceeded to load my pistols in the presence of a gathering crowd. There were many scowling faces around me, some of whom were, perhaps, disposed to interiere, but the arrival of the boat's crew, armed, soon dissipated any illusions on that head. The villain Lopez, for such I found him to be, opened his eyes, but could not sur, and was sufely borne down to the boat. With our two wounded we pushed off, unmolested, and arrived on board the Lapdog. I reported the circumstance to the com-manding officer, and was ordered under arrest till the Portuguese authorities had been communicated with. In the meanwhile Flicker re-covered, but Lopez died of his wounds, after making a confession to the police, on board the Lapdog. His wound was too serious to admit of his removal to prison. Some days after, a signal was made by H. M. S. Cracker, com-manded by Lord Howard de Willesden, who hoisted his flag on board that three-decker, de-siring Mr. Brown to be sent on board. I was accordingly sent on board, and, hurried to the admiral, who was scated in his cabin. As soon as he saw me Lord Howard de Willesden said:

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"Mr. Brown, the Portuguese police have examined this unhappy business, and confirm your statement that the would-be assassin is one Juan Lopez, employed by a member of the Decastro family, with whom you were on visit-ing terms, for the purpose of killing you. He was hired on account of a love affair. The police exonerate Colonel Decastro from all knowledge of the circumstance. How came

you to know the man's name and purpose?"
"I was informed, my lord, by one Pedro, the

a uoinir, ar. brown; that was, indeed, ex-travagant for this part of the world. Why, the assassin Lopez only received half a dollar for his services. A dollar would corrupt half Lis-bon. You will return to Portsmouth, sir, by the next mail, and join the North American squadron." squadrop !

AUNT THOMPSON'S STORY.

It was a hot and sultry day, near the middle of June. The roses were in full bloom, and the gentle sammer wind wasted into the sitting-room cooled my fevered brow with its refreshing breeze. I had been sitting here for some time, in the recess of a window, over which wild roses and various other kinds of creeping vines were growing in great abundance. But as my gaze wandered from one object of interest to another, they came in contact with the arbor, in which I had spent so many happy hours. This arbor was a very nice place; it contained a few nicely arranged seats, and was almost enceased in trailing vines and tell trace, which to cased in trailing vines and tall trees, which, to my mind, seemed quite a romantic place for lovers to meet in.

I say lovers, for we were lovers, Edward and I say lovers, for we were lovers, Edward and E; and had been so ever since hood. Our bomes were nearly opposite each other, separated only by a short meadow. And many a moonlight night have we wandered to that arbot, or across the meadow, with only the heavens above us and the bright earth below to listen to entry lighted, were

to our plighted vows.

Edward was poor, and I rich. These were the only objections that my father could possi-bly find to prevent our marriage. Edward's father was the captain of a ship, and spent most of his time at sea. But he was not an economist; and, therefore, Edward, if he ever married, must be a penniless husband.

married, must be a penniless husband.

This night was the saddest one that I had ever yet experienced. We were to part, Edward and I, perhaps for ever, in the old arbor. We met just as the shades of twilight were gathering, and remained there for many long hours; but we must part some time; and so sad was that parting, I fainted away.

I know not how long I remained there after Edward's departure. I only remember that I felt one burning kiss pressed upon my lips, and one last embrace; all the rest seems like a dream. When my conclousness returned, I was

ream. When my conclousness returned, I was impletely astounded at finding myself in the arbor, so late at night; but, much to my re-Hef, the events of the previous evening came back to my shattered senses.

Hastily rising, I managed to crawl to bed unsuspected by any of the household. While there, I called to mind the last words of my be-loved Edward: "You must be sure to write to loved Edward: "You must be sure to write to me, dearest, and confide to me all your little trials and mishaps. A sailor's life, at best, is a very disagreeable one, but I will write to you all the same. Give me, as a token of your love, one of those bright curis, so that, when a gloomy or despondent day comes, I can look at it, and it will help me to bear my disappoint-

ment."

"Oh, Edward, can I ever forget thee?" I sighed; and for a whole week I went about, as it were, like one in a sort of dream.

For three years, I received letters regularly from Edward, containing naught but love and nonsense. But suddenly they ceased, and a dreaded evil was fast creeping over my heart.
"What can it mean?" I often said. "Surely,

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Edward has not forgotten me, for I could never

forget him!"
But still the long-looked for, long-expected letter never came.

About three months afterward, I happened to pick up an old newspaper, and while carelessly running over its contents, I found something that startled me. It was this: "A Ship-wreck." Oh! how those two short words thrilled through every fibre of my heart. The vessel proved to be the one that he had sailed in. Great was my grief, and day by day I grew

thinner. My life seemed now only too long; and I often wandered down to the arbor and sat in our old accustomed seat, vainly trying to imagine that Edward was still near me, nurmur-ing those words of love that he had always been wont so freely to use. Often, in my lonely wanderings, the face of Edward, pale and ghost-like, seemed to haunt me like some dim spectre that I could barely distinguish in the

My father had now accumulated great wealth; and accordingly, I had any number of suitors for my hand in marriage. A young gen-tleman from a distant county, who was very wealthy, had lately moved into our neighborood, creating quite a sensation, as he took the tell the truth, everybody spoke of him in the

highest terms.

I met him several times at parties, and by his great attention and numerous other little services he showed that his preference had fallen on me. He proposed; but constant to the love that I bore Edward, I refused. When my parents heard of this they were indignant at me for having refused one of the best offers that any girl might ever expect to have. My father, whom I had always believed good and kind, soon showed me the hidden traits of his nature, and became cruel and harsh; and, one day, he showed me the room I was to occupy, saying, at the same time, that I must either marry Reginald Bertram, or be confined in this room, never seeing any one, and never appear-

ing in society. After a month of this kind of treatment, I thought it best to submit. An elegant bridal outfit was soon prepared for me; and I went, with a sad heart, to the altar, there to be joined,

a face as pale as the gloves he wore, and de-manded of the officers what this was for? "Oh, you know!" was the answer.

Then turning to the congregation, he ex-plained to them the cause of his arrest: he was charged with the crime of forgery. I immediately swooned away on hearing this, and remembered nothing until I was brought back to life: when who should be bending over me, breathing the tenderest of love's own thoughts, but Edward, my long lost Edward!

After I had somewhat recovered, I was coneyed to my father's residence, accompanied by

"Dearest!" he murmured; and then I knew his voice, and was satisfied. It brought afresh to my memory the incidents of that scene in

"Dearest love, will you be mine? I have heard of this crual story; it was all foul play." A few murmured words, and a tighter clasp of my hand, was the only answer; and, just one month after that, we went on our happy bridel tow. bridal tour.

Excursion of the Californian Pioneers.

Soon after the completion of the Pacific railway, the Californian Pioneers' Association proposed an excursion to the Atlantic States. The association includes many of the old settlers of California, most of them having gone there in 1849. They are popularly known on the Pacific coast as Forty-niners, and to be a Forty-niner in California is to be a patriarch.

The proposition for an Eastern excursion was favorably received, and on the 10th of September the party, comprising about two hundred persons—the Pioneers and their families—left San Francisco for New York. They arrived in the latter city on the 24th, and most of them

put up at the Astor House.

They came East in a single body, but it is understood that they will return Westward separately, or just as may be convenient to each individual. Our illustration represents the arrival of the party at the Astor House.

Among the members of the party are James McClatchy, President of the Sacramento Asso-ciation, Californian Pioneers, and Editor of the Sacramento Daily Bee; Albert Leonard, Tax-Collector, Sacramento; James W. Caffroth, At-torney-at-Law and ex-Senator, and lady; Captorney-at-Law and ex-Senator, and lady; Captain J. S. Ellison, a veteran of the war of 1812; J. F. Houghton, ex-Surveyor-General; N. Slater, State Printer, and lady; Charles D. Carter, First Vice-President San Francisco Pioneers, lady and sons; Dr. S. R. Harris, ex-Mayor San Francisco; William Martin, Secretary San Francisco Fire Department; Monroe Greenwood, Superintendent Fire Alarm Telegraph, San Francisco ledy sister and child; Lorenzo San Francisco, lady, sister and child; Lorenzo Hubbard, Surgeon United States Army; David Norris, Foreman Daily Bulletin, San Francisco; Charles B. Hensley, Nurseryman and Orchardist, San Jose; H. A. Schofield, Proprietor Gazette, San Mateo, Cal.

Laying the Nicolson Pavement in New York. For several years there has been a sharp

war among the pavement inventors, but none of their productions have stood the test better than the Nicolson, which supplies all the essential requisites of an artificial roadway.

Though there are many important requisites of a good pavement, there are two which are paramount to all others, and constitute the chief consideration, whatever be the material employed. These are, nat surstone and a sure foothold. Of course it is not difficult to procure, of itself, a flat surface when wood is employed; but to procure such a surface and yet provide sure foothold is a combination of requisites more difficult to obtain; except by the Nicolson method, or by slight modifications of it. Large quantities of it have been put down in all our large cities. and there will be about three million square yards of the Nicolson pavement laid down this year. It has stood the test in Chicago and Milwaukle some twelve or fourteen years, and is said to be highly popular with those who have traveled over it. In all places where it has been put upon streets parallel to those paved with other styles, it is observed that the teamsters and carriage-drivers almost invariably resort to the Nicolson in preference. On level streets the Nicolson son pavement forms one of the most delightful drives imaginable, and to the lover of fast riding there is no better place for him to exercise his steeds than upon

this roadway. Our illustration gives a view of the work of putting down the pavement, and though located in Fourteenth street, a similar scene can be witnessed in a score of places all over the great city.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Recent Exercises of the Russian Fleet. About a year ago Vice Admiral Boutacow, com-mander of the Russian squadron in the Baltic, organmander of the Russian squadron in the Battle, org ized a new method of attack for naval vessels, wi deserves the attention of all naval authorities. gunboats have been constructed on the new principle. with an external belt, as well as with a bastion of fascines, mounted on a stand of wood and cordage— an extraordinary arrangement, the operation of which may be seen in the engraving, which represents the joust between two of these vessels at a late review. The aim of the belligerents was to butt each other in the most awkward possible angle. All the captains in the service are expected to qualify themselves for this strange kind of combat, which is an exciting sport, and must greatly try the nerves of the crews en

The Imperial Visit to Corsica.

The Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial of France, during their recent three days' sojourn in Corsica, were received with popular demonstrations,

confidential valet of the family, and so took all precautions in my power."

"Strange that the valet should betray such a secret, Mr. Brown. You, no doubt, must have been very liberal to him in your gifts."

"I gave him a dollar, my lord, every visit."

"A dollar, Mr. Brown! that was, indeed, extravagant for this part of the world. Why, the assassin Lopes only received half a dollar for his services. A dollar would corrupt half Lisbon. You will return to Portsmouth, sir, by the next mail, and join the North American manded of the officers what this was for?

"A dollar was to the family, and so took all precautions in the family and in the family seemed to me, to the man that I had long not only disliked, but he man that I had long not only disliked, but he captual. The house at Ajaccio now shown as the birthplace of Napoleon I., is not actually that in which he was borf, but another house, excuty resembling it in construction, bult on the site of the original mansion by the mother of the great warrior. During an insurrection of the Corisicans without, and clasped a pair of handcuffs on Reginald's arms. He turned toward his almost wife with men and women from pointing out the present building as the verticable one in which the first Emperor was born.

The International Exhibition at Amsterdami

The opening of the international exhibition at Amsterdam, Holland, on July 15th, with the festivities common to such occasions, was noticed in our last issue. A general view of the exhibition in the Palais voor Volksvijt is now presented. The Dutch ex-hibitors occupy the middle space, the remainder being divided amongst those of Great Britain, Prussia enviced amongst those of Great Eritain, Prussia Belgium, and France. An interesting feature of the exhibition was the visit of Her Majesty the Queen of Holland, and Prince Henry of the Netherlands, who subsequently honored the exhibition by distributing its awards: A full report of the exhibition will be prepared for the British Parliament, by order of the Foreign Office.

Carlist Prisoners on their Way to the Towers of Serrands.

In our last issue we alluded to the termination of the Carlist insurrection in Spain, and gave an illustration of one of the final scenes—the attempt of a party of prisoners to escape while on their way to party of prisoners to escape winte on facts way to prison. Of the many insurgents captured, a large number have been set at liberty, and no inconsider-able force imprisoned. It is probable that these also will be released before many weeks. Our present en-graving represents a squad of prisoners being marched to the Towers of Serranos, a very strong for-ress of Valence.

The Funeral of Henri Leys, at Antworp, Holland.

The interment of the late Henri Leys, the very eminent painter, at Antwerp, Holland, on August 31, was accompanied with all the honors paid to a king. The whole population of the city withdrew from business pursuits, and by their presence testified their affection for their deceased countryman. The public buildings were profusely draped with black, and the funeral ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the Cerole Artistique of Antwerp. Our engraving represents the arrival of the funeral-car at the Communal Church at Berghem.

The Japanese Imperial Fleet Attacking the Rebels at Hakodadi.

The town and seaport of Hakodadi, Japan, situated at the southern end of the island of Yesso, has been for some time in possession of a prince in rebellion against the Mikado. He had been expelled from against the Mikado. He had been expelled from several positions on land, and lost the greater part of his fleet, till, at the time of the engagement which forms the subject of our illustration, he had but three ships remaining. The Mikado's fleet consisted of five ships, including the famous iron ram Stonewall, a vessel well-known to the Americans during the war. The engagement occurred on June 8th, and after a short but severe conflict the insurrectionists retreated to the outskirts of the town, and made their escape as soon as darkness stopped the fighting.

THE GOLD SPECULATION.

THE usually stormy precincts of the gold brokers were, on Friday, September 24, the scenes of unprecedented commotion. Throughout Wall and Broad streets, in the Gold Room, and in the Stock Exchange, the excitement was intense, and when darkness came it terminated as furious a financial battle as was ever witnessed. Fortunes were made and lost in an instant, the price of gold fluctuated between wide extremes, and banking establishments of age, experience and high reputation fell before the monetary whirlwind. If the excitement in the streets was intense, that in the Gold Room was perfectly tumultuous. The board opened at ten o'clock, with gold at 150. At cleven o'clock an advance was made, and the fight of the day commenced in earnest. There was a Babel of tongues, fists were shaken men-acingly, yells, screams, and threats of personal violence rang throughout the closely-packed room, and were caught up by the crowds without the building From 150 the premium jumped to 162%, and the contest between the bulls and bears became furious. The bears refused to sell to the bulls at any price, while they favored each other with sales at nearly thirty per cent. below the enormous quotation

thirty per cent. below the enormous quotations.

The crisis was reached when Albert Speyer, a leader among the buils, threw among the mob the tempting offer of 160. Such a bid, coming from a dealer known to be fully responsible, startied the whole room, and for a few moments no response was made. But before the thunderstruck auditors could regain their equipoise, James Brown, an equally well known broker and agent, offered to supply Mr. Speyer's wants with one, two, three, four, and up to five millions. The latter amount was promptly accepted. The prompt acceptance of this bid, while the bears were selling to their own crowd at 135, gave the bulls renewed confidence.

The prompt acceptance of this bid, while the bears were selling to their own crowd at 135, gave the bulls renewed confidence.

Harsh words passed between men usually calm, and exchement and anxiety kept pace with the pulse of the gold barometer. The fury was at the highest point. The bulls seemed more firmly united than ever. There was a waver, a flutter along the lines, and then the romor came that the Government had ordered Messrs, Duncan, Sherman & Company to sell thirteen millions of gold. It fell like ashunderboit into the ranks of the "clique," Men bowed before the storm like reeds in a gale; and down to 130 went the market. It subsequently rose, but at the close of the fight stood 133.

When the rumor of the Government's interference was received, one broker grew wild, and charged some unknown person with an attempt to assassinate him. His ravings were so violent that his friends, fearing he was insane, had him sent home in a carriage. It is certainly not to be wondered at if many brokers go crazy after the trying scenes of the day, Our illustration represents the scene in the Gold Room, the little fountain with the bronze Cupid being the principal point of concentration. The telegraph operator who manipulated the wires communicating with five hundred brokers' offices was kept unusually busy during the entire day, and was frequently compelled to delay the quotations in consequence of the fearful heats to which the wires were subjected.

MARSHAL JOSEPH H. TOOKER.

THE Marshal's office has attained a promi-ence during the past six months greater than ever before. It is a place where citizens and strangers can go to obtain justice against the crowd of swindlers that infest the city, and without waiting for the tedi-ous routine of the police courts. Hardly a day passes of frauded by hackmen, money-changers, or the numer-ous proprietors and attaches of oroide jeweiry shops, as, It is the Marshal's duty to see that money thus ob-

tained is refunded, and many an unfortunate has had occasion to thank the Marshal for his effects in his behalf. The present chief of the office is in his behalf. The present chief of the office is Mr. Joseph H. Tooker, a native of this city, and now in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He is above the medium height, slim, but well proportioned, has a high, expansive forchead, clear bine syes, which give no evidence of his physical trouble of near-sightedness; light hair, and a full, light-colored beard. He was a pupil of old public school to, 7, but graduated, like many successful men, from a printing office. At one time he contributed humorous letters to the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, over the nom de plume of "John Boivar?" has written articles for various newspapers and magazines, and is now connected with one of the leading New York dailies as special writer. He was first brought prominently before his partisans by a series of satirical and humorous political letters over the nom de plume of "The Widow Rogers," which he furnished the New York Atlas. He was for a number of years one of the school officers of the Thirteenth Ward. For the past foilir years he has been identified with the well-known copper house of Jones, Tooker & Co., 244 South street, and established for himself an enviable reputation, and we predict for him a bright and successful future. During one month he caused to be returned to complainants the sum of nine thousand two hundred and twenty-seven dollars, and the very mention of the name of Marshal Tooker is dreaded by the law-less, and serves as a preventive to evime.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE lemon and lime crops of Florida are this year pronounced a total failure.

Tue railroad debt of Illinois sums up \$35,-

VALUABLE dismonds are said to be found by prospectors near Gaineville, Ala.

A FRAME house on Central avenue, Cincinnati, was destroyed by fire on the 22d inst. Three young boys, named Montag, were burned to death.

J. Rosse Browne is no longer in the diplo-matte service of the Government. He has been so in-formed by the Secretary of State.

THERE have been radical demonstrations and Carlist riots in various parts of Spain within the past fortnight. THE King of Portugal is now the most

nently spoken of candidate for the vacant se Specie is flowing westward. One hundred

thousand dollars in gold, directly from the Ba England, was received in this city a few days as

SHARKS, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, are said to be quite at home in our northern waters. A fellow eight feet long was caught off Long Wharf, New Haven, a few days ago. Two hundred thousand white men are declared to be engaged this season in the cultivation of cotton in South Carolina. That State will yield this year, it is thought, about fifty millions of pounds.

A VENERABLE trio of brothers were seen walking on Boston Common a few days ago. They A VENERABLE LITO OF DEOLUTE WERE SEEL WAIKING ON Boston Common a few days ago. They were John, Charles and Lewis Tappan — the once noted abolitonists—and their united ages counted two hundred and fifty-four years.

THE Naval Observatory expedition, sent out at the expense of the Navy Department to Siberia to observe the eclipse of the sun, has returned to San Francisco. They report, in consequence of cloud obscurations, a heavy failure.

During a thunderstorm at Yarmouth, N.B. n the 21st of September, a house was struck and red by lightning. The immstes, consisting of a man nd woman and bed-ridden girl, were killed. The louse and its contents were consumed.

THE Catholic Church has published a recript directed against the sheemakers' society of St. Crispin. Those connected with it, belonging to the Catholic Church, are hereafter to be refused absolu-

THE Peabody Institute of Baltimore has received another munificent donation from its founder. He presented its trustees on September 22d with the additional sum of \$400,000 for the crection of a hall and the establishment of an art gallery.

The climate of Tennessee must possess remarkable sanitary qualities. Thus, the West Tennessee Whig of last week says: "A negro man who was spilt open with an ax at Trenton, a few weeks since, is recovering, though slightly paralyzed on one side."

During the latter days of August, severe shocks of earthquake, previously predicted by an as-tronomer of the name of Faib, have been experienced along the line of the Fernvian coast. In one day twenty shocks, some of them heavy, were experi-

The Democratic party held their State Convention at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 22d inst. A State ticket was nominated, the present Administra-tion denounced, and the proposed Fifteenth Amend-ment to the Federal Constitution declared anti-demo-cratic!

THE following inscription is on a tombstone in San Diego, Cal.: "This year is sakred to the memory of William Henry Shaken, who came to his death being shot with Colt's revolvers—one of the old kind brass mounted — and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

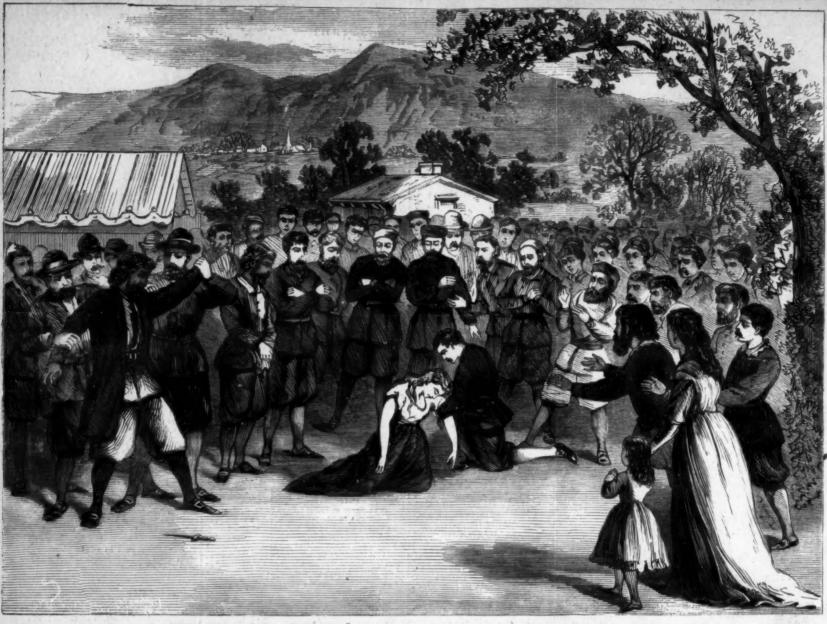
A Rumor prevailing in London that a fault had been discovered in the French cable, the Times' city article contradicted it. There is no fault in the cable, said this exact writer, "only a peculiarity has been observed at one point, that is declared to be incompatible with complete perfection."

THE Indians of the plains are said to be progressing rapidly on the road to civilization under gentle but persistent guidance of the Friends. warriors of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kio Anaches, Camanches, etc., will wash their i

THERE is a female foundling in St. Louis so beautiful that the person having the care of her is overwhelmed with offers to adopt her. He has therefore decided to put the infant up at auction, and sell her to the highest bidder, the money to be placed in bank at compound interest for her benefit, and to be paid to her when she reaches the age of eighteen.

THE press of Madrid is greatly excited over a supposed belligerent note transmitted to the Serrano Government by Minister Sickles, in which it is said he intimated that the President of the United States, unless Spain consented to recognize Cuba as an Inde-pendent power, would be necessitated to recognize the Cubans as belligerents, The Spaniards are de-strous of measuring swords with "Los Fankees II"

ALLUDING to the Byron scandal, the Utah Daity Register declares that at Salt Lake City the aposites, preachers, bishops, elders, priests and teachers of Mormonism do even worse things than Mrs. Stowe charges upon Lord Byron. It says high officials marry nieces—their own brothers' daughters, and even two of them at once—marry half sisters, mothers and daughters at the same time, and even sisters of the whole blood,



CLOSING SCENE IN "LEAR THE FORSAKEN," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT BOOTH'S LHEATRE -MISS BATEMAN AS LEAR.

SCENE FROM "LEAH."

OUR illustration represents the closing scene of this very attractive drama, in which Miss Bateman has made herself famous in both Kate Bateman has made herself famous in both England and America. The play has been effectively produced at Booth's Theatre, and the crowded houses which greet it nightly are an evidence of the public appreciation of the TUB RACE AT COWANUS BAY.

Our illustration represents the closing scene down in the manner in which it has been brought out. Miss Bateman has favorite where ever she has appeared, and her engagement now promises to be a brilliant and highly successful one.

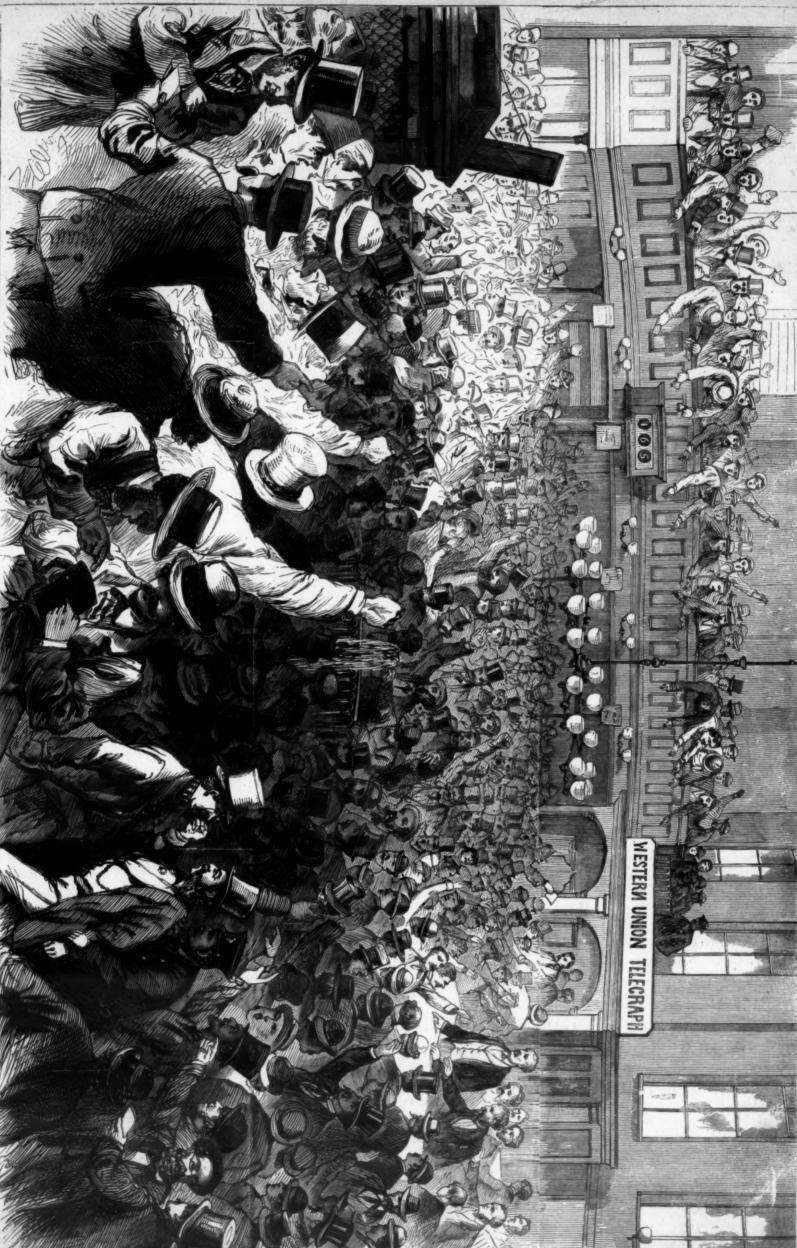
TUB RACE AT COWANUS BAY.

On Monday, September 20th, the policemen broad and the excitement waxed stronger as the tubs and three races at Gowanus Bay—the first, of sailboats, the second, of rowboats, and the third, of tubs. The interest, as well as the merriment of the day, centred in the tub race, and seldom have the policemen participated in a more ex
TUB RACE AT COWANUS BAY.

On Monday, September 20th, the policemen participated in a more ex
of this very attractive drama, in which Miss Bateman is a favorite where ever she has appeared, and her engagement and enjoyed a holiday. During the day they had three races at Gowanus Bay—the first, of sailboats, the second, of rowboats, and the third, of tubs. The interest, as well as the merriment of the day, centred in the tub race, and seldom have the policemen participated in a more ex
on both to the Eighth Ward Precinct, South and the excitement waxed stronger as the tubs and enjoyed a holiday. During the day they had three races at Gowanus Bay—the first, of sailboats, the second, of rowboats, and the tubs and the excitement waxed stronger as the tubs and the excitement waxed stronger as the tubs and the excitement waxed stronger as the tubs and enjoyed a holiday. During the day they had three races at Go



TUB BACE AT GOWANUS RAY, BY THE MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH BEOMETIN POLICE POLICE, SEPTEMBER 2018, 1869.



SCENE IN THE NEW YORK GOLD ROOM DURING THE GREAT EXCITEMENT OF SEPTEMBER 24th, 1869-GOLD 165.—See Page 68.

FRUIT TREES IN AUTUMN.

The thousand blossoms on the tree
Have perish'd from the sight,
Except a small variety,
And they have changed their plight.
Unsightly pulps they now appear,
Beneath the leafy lair,
Yet, changing with the atmosphere Yet, changing with the atmosphere, The Autumn's fruit is there.

The downy peaches, glossy plums, The apple's ruddy streak, Which, quaffed as wholesome cider, In roses on the check. And chilly morn, and heated noon,
Prepared their ripefulness.

Ah, how like Man! What blossoms fall In infant charms to death; And change is ever over all
That draws extended breath.
Like bud and blossom, youth and age,
Matured by changeful times,
A better quality engago
For more congenial climes.

The Hidden Treasure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

From the Journal of Florence Woodland.

SATURDAY, October —. I had a strange call last evening. Mr. Smith, a ministerial-looking gentleman, who is an old friend and acquaintance of father's, came to the front door at quite a late hour, and inquired who of the family

Father was away to Meltonville, and doesn't expect to get back until this evening. When informed of that, he asked to see me.

When I came in, I found him looking over my album. He proved to be very polite and entertaining, and after several inquiries regarding the health of father and myself, he began a general conversation, in which he showed such learning and information, that I was as much delighted as surprised. He has trayled from delighted as surprised. He has traveled from one end of the country to the other, and when I expressed some wonder at his cause for doing so, he admitted that he had been a spy for General Grant during the war, and he related a number of his adventures in such a manner that I listened, like one charmed, for fully two

Then he made some reference to Frederick Weldon, and complimented him so pointedly— all the time looking keenly into my face—that I am sure I showed considerable embarrass-ment. He interested me greatly in the old playmate of my childhood. for whose talents playmate of my childhood, for whose talents and nobleness of character I always held the highest respect. Indeed, he brought him so prominently before me that I dreamed of him, and singularly enough, it was as my plighted husband. Strange!

All this time he held my album in his hand, now and then looking casually in it. Finally, he remarked that he observed a beautiful piece of reenwaship hust the words were in a lan-

of penmanship, but the words were in a language which he did not comprehend.

Upon looking over his shoulder, I saw that he had it opened at the place where Sefior Almanaz had written, under my name, the well-known quotation from Don Quixotte:

"A ella no la llega Elena, ni la alcansa Lucrecia, ni ostra alguna de las famosas mujeres, que viéron en las edadas pretéritas, griega, latina, ó

"If the sentiment is as beautiful as the pen

manship, it is creditable to him certainly."

I translated it, "She is unexcelled by Helen, unrivaled by Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages past, whether Grecian," etc., etc., remarking, at the same time, that it was distasteful to me to repeat such hyperbolic flattery.

He then leaned toward the lamp, scanned it

He then leaned toward the lamp, scanned it very narrowly, glanced through the book in an indifferent manner, and laid it away. A few incidental inquiries regarding my Cuban friend followed, and then he bade me good-evening, apologizing for having remained so long.

In recalling the interview, I find that it leaves one name in my thoughts—Frederick Weldon. one name in my thoughts—Frederick Weidon.
Since his departure from Somerville, I had almost lost sight of him; but I now see him as he was when a boy—handsome, talented, and chivalrous. He it was who carried my books to school for me; who drew me on his sled; who helped me in my lessons; who was respected by his teachers, and loved by his playmates; who carried off the first prizes, and who bore his honors so modestly that none felt envy, but reloiced in his success.

envy, but rejoiced in his success He it was who was the mean He it was who was the means of saving the child of the Widow Elsington, when her house burned down, and there was no man who dared to climb through the fire and smoke to the blazhim now, when he was only a boy, as he held the little one in his arms, and made his way over the flaming roof to the ladder, while we all shuddered, and held our

breath in an agony of fear.

But, what does this mean? Surely my pen is wandering strangely—my mind must be still more out of its usual course.

CHAPTER VIII.

From the Journal of Adolph Squirrek, Detective.

WEDNESDAY, October —. Eureka! I have it! the broken thread has been found and joined sther. Suspicion has become conviction, a great obstruction is cleared from my

Events have crowded each other in such pld succession, that several days have passed fore I could find time to take my pen in hand, and for some time I have been a sort of comet on its travels.

This admiration was unduly magnified, as I discover from the private journal of my friend, who finally gets the suspicion that the señor is a detective working to accomplish the same ends with myself. If the black-eyed foreigner is such a character, he has thus far managed effectually to conceal it from me.

Upon reaching Brampton, I sat down and penned a few lines to Mrs. Weldon, purporting

to come from her son, but on second thou concluded to destroy the note, as I can ught I concluded to destroy the note, as I can see, from the shape matters are taking, that it would seriously embarrass my plans. Much as would seriously embarrass my plans. Much as I regret it, I fear the parent must undergo great agony in order to assist us in the recov-

ery of her child.

From Brampton I reached Cornwall late on Saturday night. On Sunday, as is generally my custom, I attended divine service, and rested and thought.

Fred Weldon has not been missed yet, and several weeks may pass before his disappear-ance will attract the notice of his friends, except from the fact that it is known that he is a

The only method of extirpating this gang is by organizing a vigilance committee, and the moment is close at hand for doing it. There must come a sudden gust, a whirlwind—that like the firing on Fort Sumter—that will set the community on fire—their passions must be roused to the fever heat, and these men must be hunted like wolves.

be hunted like wolves.

This will end the Mulligan gang, as they are generally known, but it will not reach them all—it is my work to add the finishing touches.

Feeling dissatisfied with the survey I made of

Devil's Creek, I visited the place again on Mon-day. I passed several hundred yards up and down the stream, but discovered nothing out of down the stream, but discovered nothing out of the way, and did not even get a glimpse of my quondam acquaintance, the burlesque farmer. But as I climbed up one side of the railroad bank, a tall man did the same on the other side, directly opposite, and coming face to face, I recognized my gorgeous friend, Señor Almanaz. The man was plainly surprised at seeing me here, and showed some embarrassment. As we have never been on very intimate terms, he

have never been on very intimate terms, he merely lifted his hat, and walked down the railroad, while I took the opposite course toward Cornwall.

Reaching my hotel, I found a letter shoved under my door, which must have been placed there while the señor and myself were exploring the mysteries of Devil's Creek.

It contained only a few lines, but these were

to the point:

"Mr. Smith is hereby warned that his errand in this part of the country is understood, and that if he remains three days longer his fate will be that of his friend Weldon, and all others who make the attempt that he did."

This letter gave me great consolation, for it proved conclusively that Fred Weldon is alive, and is held somewhere as a sort of hostage, to be used in some contingency.

The time has come to strike !

CHAPTER IX.

THURSDAY, November 1. When the town of Cornwall rose this morning, they found the fences, houses, gate-posts, and every available place, covered with the following flaming post-

CITIZENS, AROUSE !- The time to strike has come! No man is safe! Crime stalks on every come! No man is safe! Crime stalks on every hand! Our brothers are murdered—unless checked, it will soon be our turn! You all know what murders have been committed during the last few months. Frederick Weldon has been spirited away by the same red hands, and Mr. Smith, his friend, has been warned that if he does not leave the country his fate shall be that of their other yietims. be that of their other victims.

Citizens! the Mulligan gang have put the last eather upon the camel's back! We have borne this too long! Let us band together, and swear not to stopuntil these wretches are hunted from the face of the earth!

All in favor of organizing a vigilance committee for the purpose of going to work, will meet at the Town Hall, this forenoon, at ten

excitement is at the fever heat; the whole town is boiling over; lips are pres brows are knitted, curses are muttered, and I see there is going to be practical results from this piece of strategy.

Everybody is furious; everybody is raging that this has cope on so long. It is a depression

that this has gone on so long thing to rouse the mob-spirit of the American people, for when once aroused no one man can control it.

Each one is mad at his neighbor and mad at Each one is mad at his neighbor and mad at himself that they have been such cowards as to permit all this. If I should go on the street, and attempt to say a word in favor of the Mul-ligan gang, I would be torn limb from limb. If the outlaws have any friends, let them beware, for the murmuring I hear on every hand is the subterranean warning of a Stromboli. The first outburst has already taken place. An

old man was selling vegetables on the corner, when a savage-looking fellow began bartering with him. The farmer was so full that he could not avoid making a reference to the all-absorb-ing theme of the outlaws and posters, whereupon the stranger gave utterance to an oath, and said the Mulligans would soon settle all who had a hand in this business.

The words were scarce out of his mouth.

I found Florence Woodland a charming lady, and I can comprehend how a young volatile fellow like Weldon should lose his heart entirely in her presence. The emotion of love, except in an incidental way, doesn't come within my province, yet it was no mistake of mine when I say a lurking fondness for the young man displayed itself during our interview. There is a clear field for him, the only danger being that of an ardent admiration for the handsome Cuban, Almanaz, upon the part of the young girl.

This admiration was unduly magnified, as I town.

I went down and took a look at him. -He proved to be the farmer, with the hoe on his shoulder, that I encountered the other day at Devil's Creek, so there is the satisfaction of knowing that the mob made no mistake in their victim.

Long before the hour of ten o'clock, such a seething multitude had gathered around the Town Hall, that it was plain that not a quarter of them could enter it. No one knew who had put up the hand-bills, and seeing that the crowd

put up the hand-bills, and seeing that the crowd needed a directing mind, I mounted a barrel, and shouted, "Fellow-citizens!"

In an instant every eye was upon me, and I heard the question, "Who is he?" repeated a score of times, in as many seconds. Had any one whispered at that moment that I belonged to the Mulligan set, my life would not have been worth a rush.

"I am the Mr. Smith mentioned in the hand-bill," I shouted, and instantly there fell a hush upon them, and they were all my friends. "It is I who have been warned to leave this coun-

under pain of being put to death."
then began a harangue which would have delighted Tom Marshall in his palmiest days. I pitched into the Mulligan crew, after the style of Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, and said that every minute's delay was a day's strength for these outlaws; that by this time they had learned of what we were doing, and they would be prepared for us; that we were already marked men, and if we didn't kill them, they would kill us.

Heavens! how that last remark had fired them up! It was like a torch thrown into a powder magazine. Men were darting hither and thither, in search of arms. I called upon them to elect their leaders, and not to go it too blindly. Before I knew it, they vociferously demanded that I should be their captain, and I consented, because there was no avoiding it. although there wasn't a man of them who had ever seen me before, except casually during the few days past.

few days past.

The engineer of the train, whose whistle was heard at the depot, was ordered to wait fifteen minutes until the vigilance company was ready, and upon repairing to the station, over a hundred armed men, many of whom had been veterans in the war, followed me, while others tramped along in the rear.

tramped along in the rear.

I took a hundred with me, and ordered the

engineer to stop at the spot where the late mail robbery occurred, and let us out. Those who could not go with us would not remain behind, and there must have been several hundred who followed along the railroad, on foot, behind us.

In the centre of the woods the train slack-

ened, and disgorged my men. We were some-where near the retreat of these outlaws, and were fully resolved to smoke them out.

It was known that the way to reach them was to follow up the creek, which led into the swamp, but at this point we found ourselves somewhat at a disadvantage, as we had no boat, and I learned from one of the men, a daring young scout, who a few days before had explored the place at night, that the cabin in which they lived was upon a small island,

only accessible by water.

The fever, which had maddened my men since morning, had had time to cool by this time, and I had them under considerable control. I had appointed two lieutenants, the first of which was Belknap, the scout referred to, and the other a comrade, both of whom, it was wident were very construction.

vident, were very popular among their friends.
While we were discussing the best manner to overcome our disadvantage, an unlooked-for oc currence brought the solution.

CHAPTER X.

SUDDENLY a small boat rounded a curve in the creek, in which were seated two men, with a negro rowing. I had not even seen them, when shouts were excitedly uttered by half my company, and as many fired a volley into the

Almost at the same instant Belknap leaped into the water and swam to the boat, the in-mates of which it was safe to say, were riddled with bullets.

Upon towing it ashore, the two white men were found stone dead, but the negro still breathed. Understanding that they were from the island, and seeing that he could live but a few moments, I leaned over him, and asked him whether the Mulligans were at their cabin, fused to answer. I then asked how many were there, but he could not be caught. Then I put the most important query of ali:

"Is there a young man held prisoner there, or do you know whether your men have any such person in their power anywhere, or whether they have killed such a man within a

few days ?"

He looked earnestly at me a few m and then opened his lips to speak. He did utter something, but I failed to catch it, and ere he could repeat the words, he died.

Here were three members of the Mulligan gang, counting the one lynched a few hours before, and omitting the negro, who were already killed, and a fourth "poor Tom Borle," secure in jail, so that my friends were disposed already to look upon the work as half done.

island from the shore, a proceeding which would incur no personal risk upon our part, and at the same time be attended with sure

esults. The second plan was to go ahead.

In support of the latter it was argued that there could not be more than four or five men upon the island at the most, and what little risk there was to run in capturing them was

not to be considered.
So the latter was agreed upon, and we began swarming and tramping up the marshy bank of the creek, Belknap keeping somewhat ahead of us in the canoe, on the lookout for danger, and ready to apprise us of anything that might

The bodies of the two outlaws and negro were allowed to lie on the shore, near where they were shot. "Let the dead bury the dead," was the thought of each, "for we are after the

It was a long tramp up the creek, and at times I thought we should be compelled to give over the effort of forcing our way through the swamp; but we persevered, and after making several turns, Belknap held up his hand as a signal that he descried something. Paddling cautiously back again, he an-nounced that the island was just ahead, but there were no signs to be seen of any person.

there were no signs to be seen of any person

"That amounts to nothing," said I; "if they

were there, of course they would take pains to conceal themselves."
"I am ready to make straight for the island," he replied, "if half a dozen will go with me."
The whole hundred were ready, and, as leader, it never would have done for me to re-

fuse, although there is no question about the rashness of this blind proceeding. So I took my seat in the cance, with five others, which sank it down to its gunwales, and Belknap headed straight toward the island. As we skimmed lightly across the smooth lake, I am sure each one in the boat was reflecting upon the fact that we could not have made ourselves finer targets for those upon

the island.

But as rod after rod was passed, and we neared the great focus of all this commotion which had spread out over the country for months past, and the same silence continued, it began to look as though our expedition was destined to be a great surprise.

I motioned to Belknap to use his oars silently, and he did so with great skill. We had soon approached near enough to gain a correct view of the island, which was oval in shape.

view of the Island, which was oval in shape, and covered, so near as I can judge, a little less than an acre of the lake. Down to the water's edge grew a rank, ex-

uberant vegetation, resembling the tropical luxuriance which I have seen in the Carolina swamps; but there were no trees, and we could barely discern the outlines of the cabin roof, where those famous outlaws had made their home.

A silence rested upon the scene, which was made more impressive by the faint wash of our canoe against the current, and the soft ripple

cance against the current, and the soft ripple of Belknap's oar.

None of us spoke. All seemed to hold their breath in the intensity of expectation. A moment later the prow softly touched the green bank, and we stepped out like phantoms.

The Rublcon had been crossed, our bridges were burned behind us; there was no retreat, and if Dick and Jim Mulligan, with their two desperate companions, were there, a fight was inevitable—a fight that was to be "to the death." death.

Realizing this, we carefully examined our rifles, and then headed, by myself, moved stealthily toward the cabin.

CHAPTER XL.

As stealthily as shadows we advanced, and in a few seconds more were in front of the out-laws' cabin. I was a few feet in advance and observed that the door was a few inches ajar, which led me to believe that there was no one

which led me to believe that there was no one within, or that they were all asleep.

This supposition, however, was quickly renounced at the very moment of reaching my hand forward to shove open the door, for I heard distinctly the sound of a footstep, as if some one were walking hastily over the floor in slippers. The door was slammed violently to, and we could hear the fastenings rapidly put in place.

to, and we could near the lastenings rapidly put in place.

This fired up my men, and with a shout they threw themselves against the door. But it was built with a view of just such emergencies as these, and it did not yield in the least.

these, and it did not yield in the least.

At this juncture, my lieutenant, young Belknap, performed a deed, which, if lacking in rashness, was certainly very daring and starting in its character. While the others were bumping and hammering away at the door, I suddenly saw him going over the roof of the cabin like a monkey; and before any one suspected his intentions, he threw one foot over the wall of the heavy stone chimney, and the next instant dropped out of sight.

We all held our breath and listened. There was profound allence for a moment, and then a sound of scuffling was heard, and again si-lence, and then some one working at the door. When it was opened, Belknap stood before us,

exhausted, and behind him lay the fifth of the Mulligan gang, placed hors du combat.

"Were there no more?" I inquired.

"Not that I saw."
"You were brave, but it was too rash."
Up to this time I had a lingering hope that

Fred Weldon would be found a prisoner in the building, and I still looked about me with a trembling, eager glance; but one glimpse of the room was sufficient to dissipate all such

There was but a single apartment in the enalready to look upon the work as half done.

Two plans of procedure were now discussed.

One was to go back to Cornwall, and procure a small cannon, with which to bombard the provided for the vast amount of wealth that

I knew that there was a general expectation of finding a sort of Captain Kidd's treasure here, and the men began ransacking the cabin all through, and searching outside. There was no flooring at all, and the earth was packed almost as hard as a rock, yet they managed to harrow up every square foot—treating the dead harrow up every square foot—treating the dead body as a useless log—but their search was

without any tangible result.

I was glad that nothing was found; not on my own account, but for the sake of the men, who would have been demoralized by the sight of gold, and probably would have fallen to wrangling and fighting over it, and unquestion-ably serious results would have followed.

"They are too cunning to hide their treasure

here," I remarked, with a smile, when I saw they were about to despair. "They have taken good care to put it where there is no danger of any of us finding it."

They were very reluctant to give up the search, but, by this time, they began to feel a sort of shame at their diversion from their first object in coming thither, and they announced themselves ready to leave the island.

While they were thus occupied I was not idle myself, although I used little but my eyes; but in a crevice between the rough chinks of the logs, I discovered an old yellow envelope, with-out superscription of any kind, but within, written in a fine hand, upon a carefully folded piece of note paper, was the following:

"1-0-1. "Chijk't Badff 502ct Mpqug Vmeds sid X

I saw at once that there was something here but it was in the form of a riddle which I had no time to study out that time. So I placed it carefully away in my pocketbook, to be exam-

ined at my leisure.

As nothing more remained to be accomplished, we set fire to the cabin and pulled off from the island. As the poor wretch of an outlaw was dead beyond all surgical skill, it was no cruelty to him that he was burned ac-

ording to the Hindoo fashion.

We found our friends impatiently awaiting us on shore, where they were anxious to be led against the remnant of the outlaws. As these numbered only three, and they were not known to be anywhere in the vicinity, we started on

our way back to Brampton.

As no clue had yet been obtained to the whereabouts of young Weldon, quite a number were anxious to make a search for bim—a proceeding in which I gladly assisted. We ranged up and down Devil's Creek, examining the limpid stream with a minuteness that revealed every frog which had not yet retired to his winter quarters.

I was pleased, and not disappointed at their

failure to discover anything at all that could throw light upon the disappearance of Weldon; for I had a theory of my own which held out strong hope of unearthing my friend, and had they come upon his inanimate body, of course my whole theory would have exploded.

It was growing dusk when we swarmed up the railroad-track and signaled the westward bound freight train, which set us down in the depot at Brampton about half an hour later. Here we learned that the rising against the Mulligan brothers was not confined to Cornwall

alone. Hundreds were scouring the country for a radius of fifty miles around.

A few minutes after our arrival, a telegram was received announcing that Jake Johnson, another of the outlaws, had been caught in barn a few miles from Somerville, whither he had been chased by a party of men, half of whom were on horseback. Refusing to sur-render, the barn had been fired and he burned within it, but not until he had killed two of his pursuers and desperately wounded three others.

This left, as was generally believed, only the two leaders, Dick and Jim, at large, and no one seemed to have any inkling of their whereabouts. They had probably been warned, and were securely concealed somewhere by their friends, and doubtless would soon effect their out of a neighborhood which had sud enly become too hot to hold them.

The excitement in Cornwall subsided as ra-

pidly as it arose. There was a vast deal of conversation regarding the proceedings of the day; but as no one had any additional information to communicate, they soon tired of this, and the usual quiet reigned over the town,

I found myself quite a lion, however, and saw that the only way I could escape being bored to death, was either to leave the place or to don a disguise which could not be pene-

In the quiet of the evening, and when alone in my room, I took out my bit of writing, and for two hours intently studied it, seeking some clue to its meaning; but not the slightest sucrewarded my perseverance. To me it was as dumb as the Sphinx.

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THURSDAY, November -. This morning, on my way to the depot, to take the train to Somer-ville, I dropped in at the post-office, and re-ceived the following note, postmarked Chicago, and addressed to Richard X. Smith, the name I recorded on the hotel register yesterday:

46 SIR-Frederick Weldon, about whose disappearance you are so greatly concerned, is in Chicago, and was seen there to-day, and ad-dressed by me. He says he has reasons for keeping his presence here unknown to his friends at home for some time to come. I tell you this that you may rest easy.

"GEORGE JACQUET."

No doubt the individual writing the above note thought he did a very clever thing when he sent it to me, but as it happens to be in the when "poor Tom Borie" was on trial, and that

penned the letter that drew Weldon to the

"And lose it all," growled the other.

"How do you know that he can find it?"

"Hasn't be got the paper?"

"Of course he has, but he hasn't got the
brains to make it out."

must certainly be in the possession of this | bridge over the Devil's Creek, it certainly did not deceive me for an instant.

It proved one thing only to my mind. The search for Weldon had become so close and vigorous that certain parties were becoming uneasy, and the letter was a ruse intended to throw us off the scent. There was no little comfort afforded me in

the reception of this letter, for it pointed more than ever to my young friend still walking the earth, and it gave me a capital op-portunity of effectually blinding those who were evidently watching my movements.

When I was about to procure my ticket for Somerville, I went back to the hotel, under the plea that I had forgotten something, and remained in my room for over an hour. Then I told the clerk, or, rather, landlord, who fills both positions, that I was going toward Chicago, to be gone probably some time. And so I went,

At the depot I purchased a ticket for Chicago, and sped on toward that wonderful city, with no intention of going to it for some time to come. I carefully scanned the faces of all the passengers in my car, but I am convinced that there was no one following me, and that I was free from all observation, except that of a general character.

After changing cars several times, and cross after changing cars several times, and crossing the line into Illinois, I left the train at a small village, which boasted the euphonious name of Cabbagetown. At a little, miserable tavern I managed to secure a room, where, during the evening, I made my metamorphosis.

In the morning I appeared in a bushy red wig and set of false teeth, with my complexion dyed an olive color, and in the habiliments of a Western drover, my pants being tucked in at the top of my boots, while I had a swaggering air, which was as good as the genuine. This is simply my disguise in which to get back to Somerville without being recognized. After I reach that place I can make any change necessary, but I think it will throw them or him off the track, or, as Weldon terms it in his journal, them or him off

The landlord stared at me like one thunderstruck when I made my appearance, but I explained it by saying that I had called to see my friend Jones, who would shortly be down.

This satisfied him, although what he thought

when Jones proved non est is more than I can imagine. Perhaps he imagined that he had been annihilated by me, or spirited away in some mysterious manner.

was raining when I reached the station in Cabbagetown, and the train was two hours be-hind time, so I had a dreary spell of it waiting in the rickety depot until I could start for Somerville again.

At first I sat down by the stove, and endea vored to study out the curious piece of writing that had been discovered in the outlaws' cabin. but as I never was expert at doing such things, I had not the incentive which a slight prospect of success gives any one.

or success gives any one.

We detectives may boast of our success in
"working up" cases, yet those who are in the
profession know how much depends upon
chance or accident. A clue thus obtained often
leads to success; but when a man has his wits alone to use, without any extraneous help in the way of accidental discovery, he is baffled and completely defeated more frequently than

is generally supposed.

Away off in this little country village of Cabbagetown I never dreamed for a moment that anything would be seen or heard having the slightest bearing upon the disappearance of Frederick Weldon; and yet, while waiting for the train, I made a discovery which gave me more light than anything I had as yet learned. I was walking moodily along the dark depot,

smoking my cigar, while a drizzling rain was falling upon me, when I suddenly became aware that there were two other men, also on the platform, engaged in doing the same. They, however, kept beyond the feeble light thrown out by the kerosene lamp of the stationout their forms master, and I could just make as they slowly walked back and forth.

I could hear the murmur of their voices, and it was evident that they were conversing very earnestly about something. At the distance where I stood it was impossible to detect a word, so I began manœuvring to get a nearer position without attracting notice, not from the expectation of learning anything important, but from a habit I have gotten into of endeavoring to pick up every scrap of information possible,

without regard to the time and occasion.

Back and forth I walked, puffing at my cigar, and gradually extending my walk until I managed to encounter the strangers, and to get a glimpse of their faces. They ceased talking when I came within ear-shot, but the momentary glace I obtained disclosed the fact that of the individuals, although strangers were in disguise.

Whether a detective becomes long-eared in time may well be questioned, but he certainly grows sharp-eared; and by-and-by I caught a

" It's rather risky," said one.

don't see as it is. No one will know us.' "But they've woke up in that neighborhood, and would be apt to nab the first feller they catched near the bridge."

"Then he'll be snapped up, if there was danger, but he's very sharp, and I'm afeard he'll be a little too sharp for us."

Here we receded from each other, and it was several minutes before I caught their utterances again. As yet I had no suspicion that their words concerned me at all, but I was startled by what I heard next.

"If we can get there before him he may go to the dogs, and we'll give this neighborhood a wide berth after this." "Better wait till the excitement dies out,"

said the more cautious stranger.

"And lose it all," growled the other.

"Can't be sure of that; he'll play sharp on us if he gets the chance, and I 'spect he's larned how to read it."

"Then what made him try to coax me to ow him?"

show him ?"
"All a blind-Again the drizzling rain intervened, and shut out the words. The men glanced at me sev-eral times, but they were earnest, and did not speak in as low tones as they imagined. Aux-ious as I was to hear the rest of their words, I

was compelled, for appearance sake, to saunter away until I was beyond ear-shot. Then I lit another cigar, and stood at the other end of the station, as if I was listening for the coming of the train, which I sincerely hoped would be delayed a half hour longer at

"If you are determined to risk it, you can do

"You will go with me ?"

"Of course."
"They've thinned us out pretty well; they haven't left us Jubal even, the harmless dar

key."
"We're even there, for we've used up more of them. I only wish we had that young dog off our hands." He soon will be; he's the game of the

Duke. "Delays are dangerous The faint whistle of the far-off train was

heard, and the men ceased talking.
"Have you your ticket?" suddenly asked one.

"No : let's get them." I was within when they came in the station, and saw them buy two tickets to the Junction, the point where we changed cars to go to Somerville. As cautiously as I could I stole a Somerville. As cautiously as I could I stole a glance at their faces, and fixed them in my

mind. They looked at me more than once, but I as sumed my most innocent and oblivious expres-sion, and neither had the remotest thought that that simple-looking drover had any suspicion of them.

Far up the road the star-like glimmer of the approaching engine was seen, and through the drizzling shower the shrill shrick of the whistle us as the train began breaking up for the station.

My acquaintances buttoned their overcoats to their chins, and walked out upon the platform, I, as a matter of course, following close behind

They stood in silence a few moments, and then one of them muttered an imprecation against the weather, as a blast of wind swept

driving rain in his face.
There's one man I'd like to get even with," said the other.

The feller that started this hunt?" "Yes; that infernal detective that's been tramping through the country looking like a minister-"

The rest was drowned in the shricks of the stle, and a moment later we three entered the car.

I endeavored to get a seat immediately in the rear of these gentry, but was disappointed, as the place was occupied.

At the Junction I was no more fortunate, although I kept in the same car, and rode them to Somerville, where they went their road, and I mine.

But I was well convinced by this time that I had made the acquaintance of no less person-ages than the two veritable Mulligan brothers, who, by some powerful attraction, were drawn toward the very central point of danger to

But they were in my power, the man who, of all others, was the least disposed to show them a particle of mercy.

Battery Commanding the Entrance to Car-

denas. WE present this week another view taken in Cuba, and showing the entrance to Cardenas, one of the well-known seaports of the Ever Faithful Isle. There is an extensive commerce between Cardena and the ports of the United States, and the inhabit-ants of that city have shown their devotion to the liberal cause by giving the Spanish authorities con-siderable trouble, and sending liberal contributions of men and money to the patriots in the field.

The Wallace Monument at Stirling, Scotland

THE monument recently erected in the Ab-THE monument recently erected in the Aubert Craig, near Stirling, Scotland, to the memory of Sir William Wallace, is one of the most singular and beautiful structures over reared to the memory of a distinguished man. It consists of a Scottish baronial tower 220 feet high, and 30 feet square. The walls are massive, being 15 feet thick at the base, and graduation from A feet to a feet at the ton. At the cast side ing from 5 feet to 6 feet at the top. At the of the tower is a house for the keeper. courtyard, entered by an arched gateway, with bold moldings, separates the main building from the keeper's dwelling. Above the gateway are the heraldic arms of Scotland. Passing through the gateway into a stone arched passage, a series of steps leads to an open octagonal winding staircase projecting from the open octagonal winding staircase projecting from the southwest angle of the tower, and running up nearly its entire height. Arrowlet slits or lights pierce the walls of the staircase at intervals, almost to the summit of the tower; and imitation ropework, with modded angles, bind the walls externally. The staircase forms the approach to several spacious and lofty halls, designed for the display of armor and other antiquarian relics, illustrative of early national history. An imperial crown forms the apex of the monument. This coronal top is upward of 50 feethigh, and is built of pure white sandstone. It comprises eight arms from the angles and sides, all conprises eight arms from the angles and sides, all con-

ground for civil and religious liberty, and overlithe field of Stirling Bridge, where Wallace achie

is greatest victory.

The cost of the monument has exceeded £12,000

Olivet Chapel, New York City, Rev. Thomas L. Gulick, Pastor.

OLIVET CHAPEL, situated in Second street, between First and Second avenues, New York City, is one of the fourteen mission stations of the City Mis-sion and Tract Society, and was erected in 1888, at a cost of \$20,000.

cost of \$20,000.

It has a large infant class-room back of the main audience-hall, and on the right are the Bible-class and prayer-meeting rooms. By means of sliding and folding-doors these four apartments can be thrown into one, with accommodation for an audience of eight or nine hundred persons.

Many temperance meetings are held in the Chapel, and much assistance is given to the needy in the way of bread, coal, clothing and money.

of bread, coal, clothing and money.

The pastor of Olivet Chapel, Rev. Thomas L. Gulick, is a native of the Sandwich Islands, and the son of the veteran missionary, Rev. P. J. Guilck, who is still on active service at the Islands. He studied at Williams College, and graduated last year at Andover Theo-

logical Seminary.

In his present field of labor he has active employment for all the missionary tendencies of his family, and has made himself a scalous friend of the poor people among whom his lot is cast,

G. A. R. Presentation to General Sickles.

A BEAUTIFUL badge, of gold, jeweled with diamonds, the gift of Fost Phil Kenray, of the Grand Army of the Republic, to General Daniel E. Sickles, has been forwarded to that distinguished officer. It is accompanied by the following letter:

is accompanied by the following letter:

Headquarters Fost Phil Kearny, No. 8, G. A. R., Department of New York.
New York, August 17th, 1809.

Comrade—Post Phil Kearny sends to you a most hearty greeting, and congratulates you upon your flattering reception by the Regent of Spain: a reception that does honor to the citizen soldiery of the United States, that crushed the late rebellion, of whom you are the acknowledged representative.
Accompanying their expression of good feeling, the Post have caused to be prepared a badge, the insignia of the rank of the position you hold, as the Commander of the Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, to be sent to you as a testimonial of their high appreciation of you as a comrade and member of Post Phil Kearny, and beg you to accept it as a slight return for the high honor you have conferred upon each member of the Post, in so discharging your duty to your country, in her hour of great need, with sword, voice, and pen, as to be selected by an illustrious President to represent her at the seat of Government of one of the loidest nations of Europe.

The thirteen bands are typical of the thirteen stars that represented with their bright lustre the giorious

selected by an interpret of one of the oldest nations of Europe.

The thirteen bands are typical of the thirteen stars that represented with their bright lustre the glorious future of the thirteen original States; so do the thirteen bands represent with suitable inscriptions the glorious epochs in your military history; and would proportions allow, the thirteen bands could have been increased so as to have a band for each State of our now united country, and upon each band a marked inscription could be selected from your many glorious acts.

The two stars, in their purity and lustre, sparkle forth to all the world your well-earned rank in the regular army of your country; the circle that surrounds them proclaims to the people of the earth that there is no weak place in our Union.

Please accept it as a pride-gift from your admiring comrades of Post Phil Kearney, No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New York.

To Comrande Daniel E. Sickles,
Commander of the Dep't, of N. Y., G. A. R.

PRESENTATION COMMITTEE: Comrade Gro. Farmer, Chairman,
B. J. Morgan,
Michael Burns,
Willard Bullard,
Geo. J. Green, Secretary.

The badge, which is of exquisite workmanshi was manufactured by C. A. Stevens, Jeweler, of the

city. Our engraving represents its form and size. A BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY.

THE Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one or the noblest and wealthlest families of France, became engaged, after a long courtship, to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the count was ordered immediately to the stege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment, he marched on to the battlefield. During the count's absence it happened that his beautiful antinanced had the smallpox; and hovering between life and death, she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed, in her case, the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when one day the count, immediately on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed the suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, very closely muffled in a vail. At the sound of her voice, the count rushed forward to embrace her, but, stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the count's handsome features, as, raising his hand above, he exclaimed : It is God's work! I am blind!" It was even so, When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon-ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly sofemnized. It is said that, at this day, may be often seen at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely-vailed, and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

other antiquarian relica, illustrative of early national history. An imperial crown forms the apex of the monument. This coronal top is upward of 50 feet high, and is built of pure white sandstone. It comprises eight arms from the angies and sides, all converging on the centre, and forming a series of flying buttresses, broadly ribbed, having the spandrils filled in with open tracery. Orocketed plunacles surmount the outer flanks of the buttresses; and some very effective sky lines are obtained by the openings of the crown.

No more appropriate site for the erection of this substantial monument than Abbey Craig could have been selected. It is geographically the centre of Southland, it is likewise the centre of the Southland the control of the castle opens, and a number of figures appear under the arch, and remain while a music-box within plays several airs. Figures also appear now and then at the windows. On he top of the castle is a ball, one side glided and the other black. The glided side turns from behind a screen with the moon, indicating the changes of thatplanet from the first quarter to the full.



ARRIVAL OF THE CALIFORNIAN PRONEERS AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 24TH. - SEE PAGE 63.

Lost in the Arctic Ocean.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

VISITORS to the Paris Exposition of 1867 may remember in the Russian department some specimens of graphite, or black lead, from Siberia. The crystals were among the finest ever exhibited, some of them being several feet long, and twelve or afteen inches in diameter. In the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburgh, and also in the School of Mines in the same city, there are fine collections of graphite that form an interesting study, to the general public as well as to the mineralogists. All of them came from Siberia, and are ranged side by side with the gold and silver which that distant and frigid land produces.

This mineral is found in several parts of Northern Aris, but powhere it such abundance.

Northern Asia, but nowhere in such abundance as on the lower part of the Yenesel river, about two hundred miles from where that stream debouches into the Arctic Ocean. At Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, I saw in 1866 a the capital of Eastern Siberia, I saw in 1866 a large quantity of the lead from that region, and the owners of the mines were lamenting the lack of transportation facilities, that kept them in a great measure out of the markets of the world. When Siberia is blessed with railways, as she will be one of these years, her mineral wealth will be rapidly developed, and show her to be one of the richest countries on the globe. The region is too cold for extended and profitable agriculture beyond the needs of her population, except in the seasons of short crops in European Russia. The search for the precious lation, except in the seasons of short crops in European Russia. The search for the precious metals has not been made very thoroughly, owing to the sparseness of population, and the comparative absence of individual enterprise. Formerly all mines, wherever and however found, were held to be the property of the Government, and it is only recently that the business of seeking and digging gold has been thrown open to everybody. The result of the thrown open to everybody. The result of the first experiments in this direction were so favorable, that the Government speedily determined to abandon the mining business alto-gether. Four years ago it began selling or giving away many of its mines and smelt-ing works, not only of gold and silver, but of copper, iron, and other metals. The gold mines are now operated at private risk and expense, the Government receiving fifteen per cent, of the gross amount of gold taken out, and retaining the right to melt and assay the entire product, which is sent to the Mint at St. Petersburgh, and paid for at to the Mint at St. Petersburgh, and paid for at a fixed rate. Under the new system the yield of the mines is greatly increased, and the Gov-ernment is at no expense or risk for the work performed. The private mines are generally on a large scale, and need a heavy capital fo working. The employers are required to feed and clothe their laborers, furnish them with medical treatment in case of illness, and give

A heavy gold miner at Krasnoyarsk is the owner of some of the richest deposits of black

The Story of the Nadeshda;

Lost in the Arctic Ocean.

Security that their wages will be paid when due. Defalcations of the American kind are not encouraged in Siberia.

place it on board the first ship that would enter the river from the Arctic Ocean. If one ship could get there, he naturally infers that others would follow, and a lucrative business would spring up. Some merchants at Archangel, and others at St. Petersburgh, have endeavored to lead on the Lower Yenesel, and so extensive is the supply, that I was told he had offered to give five hundred tons of the mineral, and



JOSEPH H. TOOKER, FIRST MARSHAL OF NEW YORK CITY. -- FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.

after battling for weeks with the ice of the Arctic Ocean. No ship has ever entered the mouths of the great rivers flowing into the waters that lie between Asia and the North Pole, though the attempt has been made repeatedly. Observations show that the average temperature of that region has degreesed a few temperature of that region has decreased a few degrees within the past fifty years, and the savans who have examined the fossil remains found in the frozen earth are positive in de-claring that in past ages the country was no colder than the latitude of Paris or London at the present day. The mammoths whose bones are found there belonged to a much warmer climate, and it is estimated that twenty thou-sand years ago there were luxuriant forests, occupied by animals unknown to the present generation, in the country now desolate and covered for almost the entire year with deep and chilling snows.

Some years ago a ship sailed from Cronstadt to explore the Arctic Ocean as far as it would be possible to penetrate. The expedition was started by private subscription, but aided largely by Government, and a naval officer of long experience was appointed to command it. The ship was called the Nadeshda (Hope), and The ship was called the Nadeshda (Hope), and sailed with the good wishes of the people of Cronstadt, who turned out in great numbers to witness her departure. Rounding the North Cape, she reached Archangel early in the summer, and, after a brief stay, pushed away to the eastward. Nothing of importance occurred until the ship had gone beyond Nova Zembla, and, though passing occasional fields of ice, the encounters with them were not sufficiently dangerous to relieve the voyage of monotony.

dangerous to relieve the voyage of monotony. But hardly was the sharp coast of Nova Zem-bla-below the horizon when the Nadeshda was surrounded by broad fields of ice, with here and there a huge berg, that lifted itself far above the surface, and glittered in the sunlight as if encrusted with diamonds. Winding among the ice-fields wherever an opening could be found, the good ship made its way, though its progress was necessarily slow. The objective point of the expedition was the mouth of the Yenesel, but the ice rendered the endeavor hopeless. So the ship was headed toward the coast, about three hundred miles east of the Obl river, as the captain thought he might make valuable explorations in that direction.

While still out of sight of land the Nadeshda was blown by a sudden squall between two ice-fices, that closed upon her, and, despite the strength and toughness of her hull, crushed her so that she could hardly be kept afloat. By a lucky chance the ice upheld her for two or three days, so that the crew were able to get out a supply of provisions and the material to enable them to reach the land. Sledges had been provided for such an emergency, and one of them was laden with a boat large enough to carry the entire party across open water, should any be encountered. Before leaving the ship the captain offered prayers for the safety of the party, and then the weary journey

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travel conve was for actual rounds



REV. THOMAS L. GULICE.—SEE PAGE 67.

No land could be seen; the character of the coast was quite unknown, and there was no certainty that it was not twice as far off as ex-pected. No survey of the region had ever neen made, and the few charts that the ship contained were largely dependent upon conjec-ture. Even after gaining the land there were hundreds of miles to be traversed before settlements could be reached, and there was no cer-tainty of finding any of the wandering abori-

and when they were ready to start they found that the ice had broken in many places, compelling them to use their boat in order to cross the open spaces. When the passages were narrow the boat made two trips across, as the weight of the entire party made it too deep for safety. On the wider openings only a single journey was attempted, and the sledges were towed behind, with as much of the baggage as would bear wetting. Toward the close of the day the boat filled, but fortunately it was quite near the ice at the time, and everybody esnear the ice at the time, and everybody escaped, though with a thorough drenching. The boat was bailed out after considerable delay, and hauled up on the ice to proceed to the next opening. Most of the provisions were spoiled, and everything not considered indis-pensable was thrown away, to lighten the load and reduce the risk from a repetition of the

accident.

Three days were passed in this toil ere land was seen—a low, shelving shore, with here and there a cliff or bank broken away. Between the last ice-field and the coast there was a strip of open water ten or twelve miles across, full of broken fragments, that were tossed by the winds, and made it dangerous to attempt to use the boat. But there was no help for it, and leaving the hemiest of their sledges, the one that had carried the boat, they launched out for the perilous voyage. Half the distance was passed over very well, and the travelers congratulated themselves that their greatest danger was passed. But an leave we reject danger that their greatest danger was passed. ger was passed. But an ice-cake raised sud-denly under the bow of their craft, and in an instant they were struggling in the water. The boat was not only filled, but broken, and it was useless to attempt to save it. In fact, hardly any one thought of doing so, as the peril was too great for anything but self-preservation. Some clambered on cakes of ice, and some clung to whatever remained from the wreck. rainly of inding any of the whatering aboriginals, from whom assistance could be obtained. The wind, fortunately, blew toward the shore, and slowly carried them in that direction. But ere they reached it, more than half their number of the first deeper and the shore, and slowly carried them in that direction. But ere they reached it, more than half their number, chilled and benumbed with cold, had fallen into the water, and were lost. The captain of the Nadeshda was of those who perished,



BATTERY COMMANDING THE ENTRANCE TO CARDENAS, CUBA. - SEE PAGE 67.

travelers desired. Day and night are merely conventional terms in latitudes where the sun shines continually for several months, and it was fortunate for the party that they had no actual night to add to the dangers that surrounded them. While they were taking their first few hours of sleep, after a fatiguing journey of twelve or fifteen hours, a wind arose,

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lay to the southward, much further than the though he was among the last to fall. During travelers desired. Day and night are merely the time since the party left the ship he had hardly closed his eyes, and was untiring in looking after the welfare of his men. In the midst of a furious snow-storm from

In the midst of a furious snow-storm from
the north, the survivors, one by one, reached
the shore. They were hardly able to drag
themselves to land, and one of the party is
said to have become insensible, and fallen from
his support, when less than
a hundred yards from the
beach. Weak and hungry,
they gathered under the direction of their first lieu-

rection of their first lieutenant, who had become their leader, and consulted npon the best course to pursue. They had no provisions, no means of killing game, hould any bediscovered. should any be discovered, and no materials for making a fire. It was determined to scatter along the beach in search of food, and very soon one of the party found the body of a seal recently killed in the ice, and cast ashore by the waves; another discovered a large fish that had been driven into and the sun was shining brightly, the leader advised a thorough rest, and as much recuperation as pos-sible, before starting inland. It was almost a thousand miles to the nearest Russian settlements, as far as the lieutenant could estimate, and there was much doubt about any of the party being able to reach a place where they could tell to others the story of their

Partially refreshed, the unhappy wanderers started over the snow-covered plain that lay between them and a range of low hills fifteen sia, is again reported an invalid.



OLIVET CHAPEL, NEW YORK CITY, REV. THOMAS L. GULICK, PASTOR. SKE PAGE 67.

or twenty miles away. The walk was exhausting, and their pace was very slow; nearly every man despaired of escaping from their unfortunate predicament, and this despair added to their fatigues. Their leader cheered them as best he could, but by the time they reached the hills all were utterly wearled, and some refused to go further. They had carefully preserved the residue of their meal by the seashore, and this, moistened with snow-water, furnished them another repast. While they were resting, one of the party ascended to the crest of the ridge to observe the country be-yond. His companions watched him with sad eyes and heavy hearts, as they had little hope that his search would result in aught but dis-

Suddenly, as he stood there, he gave a cry of joy, and beckoning to the others to join him, dropped half fainting to the ground. Every man of the party found new life and ran forward, quite forgetful of the weariness that a few moments before held them prisoner.

"There are men in sight; we are safe," was the information that greeted them as they gained the ridge and joined their comrade.

Looking in the direction where he fainted, they could see a thin column of smoke rising slowly, and as they traced it to the ground they discovered three or four conical tents and a herd of deer browsing on the moss near by, nerd of deer browsing on the moss near by, where the ground was only slightly covered with snow. A few men were watching them, and others were lounging in the vicinity of the tents. Evidently they had not observed the strangers. The camp was that of a party of wandering Samoyedes, the aborigines of Northwestern Siberia, and analogous to the Esquimaux of Greenland and America.

But now a new question arose.

But now a new question arose.
Would the natives receive them kindly?
Would they regard them as friends or foes?
Would they look upon them as human beings,
or as spirits from the clouds, and therefore to
be dreaded and got rid of at any cost? It was
guite possible that none of them had ever seen quite possible that none of them had ever seen a Russian face, and, if so, it would be difficult to convince them that the shipwrecked mari-

ners were creatures of the earth.

It was finally decided that the lieutenant and another should go forward, while the others remained concealed. As the two crossed the ridge and descended to the plain, they were discovered, and there was instantly a commo-tion in the camp. The Samoyedes gathered their deer and fled, but had not time to strike their tents, so that much of their valuables re-mained behind. The Russians reached the tents and found a large kettle of deer meat cooking over the fire. In a few hours two of the natives returned, and after much hesitation were persuaded by signs to come near the strangers. One of the Samoyedes had been at the Russian settlements, and finally concluded that his that had been driven into shoal water, and had stranded, so that he was easily captured. The seal and fish, captured. The seal and fish, captured are the seal

as the natives had never seen a ship and could not understand the attempts to inform them. When good feeling was established, one of the Samoyedes went for the rest, while the sailor who came with the lieutenant departed for his comrades. As soon as the natives had recovered from their astonishment they showed the Russians every kindness, and fed them as bountifully as their limited means permitted, It was a remarkable chance that brought these It was a remarkable chance that brought these two bands of wanderers together. The Samoy edes were making their annual visit to the coast and probably there were not another party of them within a hundred miles. The Russians continued with them until they were ready to return to the southward, and six months later reached the settlements on the Obi river, whence they finally made their way to St. Petersburgh. Petersburgh.

COUNT BISMARCK, Prime Minister of Prus-

ANGUS CAMERON.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Many years ago, in an idle moment, I went into the Old Balley, London, when a scene of more than ordinary interest was about to take place on that theatre of human misery and de-

The prisoner in the dock was a young man



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, BY POST PHIL REARNY, G. A. E. RER PAGE 67.



THE WALLACE NATIONAL MONUMENT AT STIRLING, SCOTLAND.

named Angus Caraeron, of about twenty-four years of age, tall, of a dignified and prepossess-ing air; his dark hair hanging disorderly on his shoulders and about his brow, gave a sin-gularly wild and mournful expression to features emed to indicate feelings such as felons

The indictment contained an account of a ricst atrocious crime, committed under circumstances of ingratitude that deepened its horror. Cameron was, it appeared, a young Scotchman, the son of a minister; he had distinguished himself in the University of Glasgow, by his talents and acquirements, and had been ordained a minister of the gospel. While at college he had formed an acquaintance with Malcard Carry, the story of a Highland laired or colm Stuart, the son of a Highland laird, of nearly the same age, and of an amiable and cultivated mind. The father of this youth, a man of large property, had been so pleased with the friend his son had made, that he had obtained for him a church in the Highlands, on condition that he should previously accompany his son in his travels over the Continent.

They had accordingly gone to London; and having there received large remittances for their proposed journey, were just going to set off, when one night Malcoim Stuart was found murdered in his bed, and appearances seemed

to point out the prisoner, as the perpetrator of
the deed. They were briefly these:
Some days before, they had been heard talking in their room with a very loud and angry
tone of voice. The subject of the dispute was,
it was supposed, a lady whose name was mentioned. The words "jealousy" and "revenge" were distinctly heard; a visible coolness was observed for some days after, till the evening of the murder, when they gave an entertain-ment, at their lodgings, to friends who had come to bid them farewell. An evident change had taken place in the behavior of the prisoner, Angus Cameron, who affected to be obsequiously attentive to his friend. But the principal witness for the prosecution was an old gamekeeper, who, for many years, had been in the employ of the Stuart family, and who seemed almost overpowered with grief. He stated that on the fatal night, while sitting in the kitchen smoking his pipe, in company with a woman who acted as char-woman in the lodging-house, he heard a noise in his young master's room, as if two persons were struggling. He alarmed the land-lord, entered the room, which was open; a light was on the floor and still smoking, and the prisoner, Angus Cameron, was found hanging over the bed—a bloody knife, which was known to belong to him, by his side, his hands bloody, his face pale and betraying all the marks of a guilty and disturbed mind. The prisoner was skilled in anatomy; he had been heard to skilled in anatomy; he had been heard to describe the quickest and surest way of destroying life; and the place of the wound corre-sponded with the description. Moreover, some notes paid by a banker to the deceased were ed in court by a woman, whom the risoner had been seen to visit; from all which roofs it satisfactorily appeared that this un-

proofs it satisfactorily appeared that this unhappy youth, corrupted by vicious company, had by feelings of jealousy and the temptation of money been instigated to murder his friend. While this melancholy detail was given, the prisoner appeared almost sinking under contrition and shame. When the case had been closed for the prosecution, the judge, in the most impressive manner, called upon him for this detense. He stood up, and, after a short his defense. He stood up, and, after a short but violent effort to conquer his feelings, he addressed the bench with a voice at first weak nd tremulous, but afterward collected and

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury-You call upon me for my defense; I have none to make, yet I am not guilty. You have just heard a circumstantial account of an atroclous crime, supported by a weight of evidence which, I fear, will leave upon your mind no doubt of my guilt. will leave upon your mind no doubt of my guilt. But it is all wrong. The woman, who has appeared in evidence, never received the money from me; it was my fear of the dangerous influence which she had acquired over Malcolm Stuart, that was the cause of the temporary coldness of my friend, and which his better feelings, and his confidence in the purity of my intentions, enabled him to conquer. My visit to the woman had no other object but to prevail moon her to break off her connection with him. npon her to break off her connection with him.

As to that horrible night, I will state all I know of it. I was awakened by a noise in my friend's room, which was next to mine. I listened, and all was still. Then I heard what must have all was still. Then I heard what must have been my poor friend's last dying cry, but which I thought was only the involuntary moan of disturbed sleep; still, a vague but irresistible feeling of alarm impelled me to the room. By a light that was dimly burning, I discovered my friend in the condition you have heard described." Here his voice faltered. "I have no recollection of what followed. When I came to reveall the room was full of people. but I saw recollection of what followed. When I came to myself, the room was full of people, but I saw no one; I saw only him who lay in that bed. You have here a plain, unvarnished tale. I have no hopes that it will bear down the mass of evidence against me. I know I am the only one that can be charged with the crime. Still I must say, Pause—beware of shedding innocent blood! May the Lord, in His unerring wisdom, move your minds as seemeth best to H.m, for in Him is all my trust—man cannot save me."

The jury, after half an hour's consultation, The jury, after half an hour's consultation, returned the verdict, Guilty I Cameron heard it respectfully, but unmoved. Sentence was pronounced in the most impressive manner by the judge, in a long and pathetic address, often interrupted by his emotion. He expressed no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and lamented the three of talents, the corruption of a mind once abuse of talents, the corruption of a mind once abuse of faleats, the corruption of a mind once innocent, and curnestly recommended the unfortunate youth to confess his guilt, rather than rashly persist in protestations of innocence which could no longer save his life, and which precluded all access to divine mercy.

The prisoner then arose, and never did I see a more expressive and commanding countenance. It was no longer the despondency of

fear and the globm of hopelessness, but the

triumphant, yet calm and modest, look of one about to receive the crown of martyrdom.

"I bow with submission," said he, "to the judgment of my country; and, though I die innocent, I return my thanks to the venerable index to be a submission." judge who has just pronounced the awful sen he has treated one seemingly so deeply involved in guilt as I am. The jury, as men, could have returned no other verdict; far be it from me to murmur against them; my doom was sealed in heaven. May the sacrifice of my life atone, if not for a crime of which I am innocent, at least for the many faults which I have committed. It is impossible not to recog-nize in this the hand of the Supreme Disposer of events. I did at first cling to life, and cherish fond hopes that I might yet be saved, and restored to my beloved father, and the esteem of good men; but I think I am now resigned to die, with a firm hope that if my days are cut short in their prime, if my hopes of happiness and honor have been blasted, and an ignominious death is to be my lot, it is wisely and mer-cifully decreed, in order to redeem me from the errors into which I have fallen, to purify my soul from those feelings of self-applause and pride which had made me seek human praise

rather than peace with God."

During this affecting address, the hall was hushed to perfect stillness, and it was scarcely concluded when the deep, solemn silence was broken by these words:

"I thank heaven he is innocent!" This exclamation, which struck upon the hearts of all, proceeded from an old man who sat not far from me, and who had fallen on his knees in the attitude of prayer, his hands con-vulsively grasped together; his lips were movlig, but his eyes were shut. It was his father. A young and beautiful girl had thrown her arms round the old man's neck, and hung on his breast, pale and motionless. The prisoner started at the well-known voice, and instinctivally are the started at the well-known voice, and instinctivally are the started at the well-known voice, and instinctivally are the started at the well-known voice. ively sprang forward toward them : but he recollected his position, and, with a look which went to my heart, sat down, and a flood of tears came to his relief. It would be difficult tears came to his relief. It would be diment to paint the effect which so melancholy a sight had on the assembly; tears flowed from every eye. Even the warder, who came to lead the youth to the condemned cell, appeared affected.

The execution was to take place the follow ing Monday week. My late and respected uncle, whose life's work it was to visit the gloomy dungeon, and to shed on the still deeper gloom of benighted souls the beams of Chris-tian truth, was unremitting in his attentions to the young Scotchman. But he told me that he went there not to administer, but no receive, and that the edifying behavior, the simplicity and resignation of the interesting youth, left no doubt of his innocence to all who visited him. Efforts were made, but too late, to save him. The fatal day came. My uncle took me with him to the prison. At that time I was young and very thoughtless, but I received there an impression which neither years, nor sorrow, nor joy have effaced, and which will remain to my dying hour.

On reaching the scaffold, the condemned man ascended the platform with a firm step, supporting, rather than supported by, his father. He addressed a few words to the crowd, told them he was innocent, that he hoped his innocence would one day appear, but that he was resigned to die, trusting to the mercy of Him who died for all men. After this, his father and he knelt down in silent prayer—no words could have expressed the feelings of their souls; then, while the executioner was adjusting the rope and covering his eyes, they sang a psalm together, in the most heart-rending accents. The crowd was still as death, and nothing was heard but these last supplications of the old man and his son mournfully ascending on high. The song ceased—the living mass below heaved

back with a simultaneous motion of horror—
the happy soul had fied.

A few days after, while the poor father was
yet too weak to bear the fatigue of a journey, the seizure of a house-breaker led to the detec the seizure of a house-breaker led to the detection of one of the darkest plots that was ever contrived by guilty man. The ruffian, knowing there was no hope for him, confessed that he had been introduced into the house by the old gamekeeper, and committed the murder according to his directions. The father heard this account with little emotion,

"I knew," said he, "that he was innocent. I shall soon be with him. Still I am glad, for his sister's sake, that the world knows it; but it could not appreciate, it could not feel the

it could not appreciate, it could not feel the dignity of inno

gnity of innocence."
This calamity excited universal sympathy: Government offered to settle a pension on the man; he rejected it with disdain. "Shall I, then, take the price of my son's

blood?" said he,
They felt for him, respected his sorrow, and

pressed him no further. A simple and elegant monument was erected over the bodies of the two victims, recording in a few words their miserable end. The old man returned to Scot-land, where he died not long after his arrival; and his daughter soon after followed him to his forth.

THE Buffalo brand of Black Alpaca which was introduced to the public about a year ago has met with unprecedented favor among the ladies, the best judges of its quality and worth. The fabric has been greatly improved in strength and finish, while the lustre it wears makes it as desirable as black slik to a lady's tolict. Black alpacas have long held a prominent place for ladies' wear, and the great demand for the Euffalo brand proves that it is destined to still greater popularity. William 1. Peake & Co., the proprietors of this brand, have taken a decided lead in the line of alpaca goods, and it is but justice to them to say that the Buffalo brand exceeds in evenness of texture and glossy finish any other in the market.

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Muscular and constitutional vigor cozes out of us in
the broiling weather of July and August, and a few
of us, at the opening of the Fall, are in the best possible condition to defy the unhealthy influences of the

Fever and ague and bilious remittent fevers, to gether with a variety of complaints that affect the digestive organs, the liver and the bowels, form a portion of the Autumn programme. Bear in mind that exhaustion invites these disorders, and that staminal vigor enables the system to repel them. "To be weak to be miscrable." is to be miscrable," says Satan to his defeated legions in "Paradise Lost," and the axiom is correct, though nes from an evil source.

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3. We'd better bide a wee.
4. Blue Eyes.
5. Not for Joseph.
6. Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by.
7. I really don't think I shall marry.
8. Praise of Tears.
9. Champagne Charley.
10. Skating Rink Polka.
11. Genevieve Waltz.
12. Come hither my baby, my darling.
13. The Danish Boy's Whistle.
14. Little Maggie May.
16. Maggie'a Secret.
16. His Love Shines over all.
17. The Old Cottage Clock.
18. Silver Chimes.
19. The Rose of Erin.
21. She might not suit your fancy.
22. Riding down Broadway.
23. Waltzing down at Long Branch.
24. Still I'll love thee.
25. The Passing Bell. (Sacred Song).
24. Take back the Heart.
27. See the Conquering Hero.
28. Ther's a charm in Spring. Inst'l.
29. Up in a Balloon.
30. Olympic Schottische.
31. Ixion Gallop.
32. Beautiful Belis.
33. Light of the World. (Sacred Song.)
34. The Life Boat.
35. The Rosy Wreath.
36. I will not ask to press that Cheek.
27. Susany's Story.
38. Power of Love. Inst'l.
36. The Rosy Wreath.
36. I will not ask to press that Cheek.
27. Susany's Story.
38. Flying Trapeze.
40. Belles of Broadway.
41. Gems from Orphee.
42. Gens d'Armes Duet.
43. Velocipede Johnny.
44. St. Nicholas Gallop.
45. The Moonili Sea.
46. Perichole's Letter. Inst'l.
47. Home, Sweet Home. Inst'l.
48. Woodside Waltz and Polka.
49. Le Sabre de mon Faro. Inst'l.
49. Le Sabre de mon Faro. Inst'l.
40. Call me thine own.
40. Why wandering here?
40. Perichole's Letter.
41. Howe, Sweet Home.
42. Fiver, pretty Bird.
43. Those Tassels on the Boots.
45. Five o'clock in the Morning.
45. Lady Mine.
46. Bootblack's Song.
47. Sweetheart.
48. The Smile of Memory.
49. Mabel Waitz. do.
Molloy.
Lloyd.
Hatton.
Gabriel.
Schubert.
Lee. Wiener.

Forbes.
Molloy.
Claribel.
Benedict.
Strauss.
Millard. Andrews.
do.
Dobson.
Claribel.
do.
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Raymond.

S. Lady Mine.
S. Bootblack's Song.
Sweetheart.
The Smile of Memory.
Mabel Waltz.
The Lancashire Lass.
The Lancashire Lass.
The Foreign Count.
Where there's a will there's a way.
Be watchful and Beware.
Boston Belles.
Chestnut Street Belles.
Barney O'Hea.
My Mother dear.
Day and Night I thought of thee.
The Fidgety Wife.
My Angel.
Oh, you pretty blue-eyed Witch.
Oh, would I were a Bird.
The Fairy's Well.
Bachelor's Hall.
After Dark. do. Balfe. Waverly. Irving Blamphin.
Raymond.
Lloyd.
Saer.
Glover.
Raymond. do. Lover.

Shrivall. Covert. Guglielmo. Taylor. Taylor.
Blamphin.
Waverly.
Culver.
Stewart.
Glover.
Williams. The Fairy's Well.
Bachelor's Hall.
After Dark.
The Bashful Young Lady.
Larboard Watch. Duet.
Mary of Argyle.
Maggle Morgan.
Willie went a woolng.
School for jolly Dogs.
Kitty Tyrrell.
The Bells goes a ringing for Sairah.
Castles in the Air.
Scenes that are hydrigest. Scotch do

Raymond. Copeland. Glover. Hunt. Casties in the Air.
Seehes that are brightest,
Paddle your own Canos.
Crescent City March.
Nothing else to do.
Ka-foozle-um,
Sally, Sally. Adams Wallace Rogers,
Rogers,
Hatton,
Stewart.
Lover,
Knight.
Rogers,
Glover.
Bard,
Lover,
Norton,
Lover,
Waverly Sally, Sally.
Of what is the Old Man thinking? Offenbach. Waverly

91. Sally, Sally,
92. Of what is the Old Man thinking?
93. Continental Schottische.
94. The Cavalier.
95. Beautiful Hope.
96. I'm not myself at all.
97. Juanita.
98. Molly Bawn.
99. Guadalina Waltz.
100. Go it while you're young.
101. I have a rose
102. Smiles and Tears.
103. The white-blossomed tree.
104. O that I were a song.
105. This world is full of beauty.
106. Never mind the rost.
107. Good-night.
108. Tommy Dodd.
110. Scotch Lassie Jean.
111. O take me to thy heart again.
112. Mary Emma Polka.
113. Only a lock of hair.
114. You and I.
115. When the swallows homeward fly.
116. Then you'll remember me.
117. Little bird, little bird on the tree.
118. She is not fair to ontward view.
119. The skipper and his boy. Carringto Carrington.
lippingdale.
Musgrave.
Hime.
Waverly.
H. Fase.
Flowers.
Raymond.
Rogers.
Peabody. Peabody. Balfe. Abt. Balfe. Claribel.

115. When the swallows homeward fly.

116. Then you'll remember me.

117. Little bird, little bird on the tree.

118. She is not fair to outward view.

119. The skipper and his boy.

120. The drawing-room schottische.

121. Waverly Polka.

122. The love light's in your eyes.

123. The heart bowed down.

124. The bridal ring.

125. The fairy's froile.

126. Old Simon the Cellarer.

127. In happy moments. Sullivan.
Gabriel.
Jouglass.
edgwick.
do.
Balfe.
Rodwell Rodwell Sedgwick. Hatton, Wallace 126. Old Simon the Cellarer.
127. In happy moments.
128, It ought not thus to be.
129. The march of the silver trumpets.
130. The Emma Maxurka.
131. Heaven and thee.
132. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
133. Sunset Gallop.
134. There was a simple maiden.
135. The Bluebird Polka.
136. Call her back and kiss her.
137. Row, brothers, row. Duet and Chorns.
138. Would You be Young Again?
139. Water Lily Polks.
140. Strangers Yet.
141. Janet's choice,
142. I cannot sing the old songs. Viviani. Raymond. Wild.

Macfarren. Rogers. Clifton. Clippingdale 139. Water Lily Polka.
140. Strangers Yet.
141. Janet's choice,
142. I cannot sing the old songs.
143. The peace of the Valley.
144. Coming through the Rye.
145. Within a mile of Edinboro
146. Spanish Muleteer.
147. She wore a wreath of roses.
148. Tils hard to give the hand.
149. Have you seen her lately?
150. I'll ask my mother.

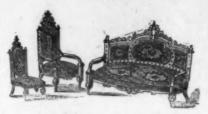
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